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## MAY MEETING.

THE stated meeting was held on Thursday, the 13th instant, at three o'clock, P. M.; the PRESIDENT, HENRY CABOT LODGE, in the chair.

Prior to the usual proceedings of the Society the President spoke briefly, expressing his sense of the honor conferred upon him in his election as the successor of Mr. Adams.

The record of the last meeting was read and approved.

The Librarian reported the list of donors to the Library since the last meeting; and called attention to a gift from Dr. Henry Kemble Oliver of the letter of appointment and instructions to Rev. Daniel Oliver, his grandfather, as missionary in the western parts of the State of New York, October 24, 1810.

The Cabinet-Keeper reported that Mrs. James Baker Brown, of Boston, gives to the Society a portrait of George Thompson (1804-1878), anti-slavery advocate, who visited the United States in 1834, in 1851, and during the War of Secession, arousing no little attention and antagonism by his outspoken attacks upon slavery in the South. This portrait, exhibited in the second anti-slavery bazaar in Boston (1835), was painted by Samuel Stillman Osgood by order of Mary Weston Chapman. It was sold to John Stacy Kimball, who had it lithographed, and then passed into the possession of the Garrison family. In this connection Mrs. Brown writes:

About 1836 or 1837 my father, John Stacy Kimball, begged Mrs. Chapman to order for him a painting of Mr. Thompson by the hand of Mr. Osgood. On its completion my father purchased the portrait and hung it in his home. Not long after my father learned that an anti-abolition mob intended to take the portrait to destroy it. A trail of paper was to show the way to the house. One of those engaged, knowing my father's courage, told him of the plan; and he and a cousin started out after midnight, picked up the paper strewn as a trail, and, it is said, the mob thus missed its road. He gave the portrait to the Anti-Slavery Society, and when that

was dissolved, it naturally passed to William Lloyd Garrison, and from him to his son and grandson, and now very fittingly to the Massachusetts Historical Society.

ANNIE K[IMBALL] BROWN.

MAY 13, 1915.

The Corresponding Secretary reported a letter from Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt, accepting his election as a Resident Member of the Society.

Announcement was made of the appointment of the following Committees:

House Committee: GRENVILLE H. NORCROSS, J. COLLINS WARREN, and WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

Finance Committee: HENRY CABOT LODGE, GRENVILLE H. NORCROSS, and CHARLES P. GREENOUGH.

Committee to publish the Proceedings: HENRY CABOT LODGE, JAMES FORD RHODES, and EDWARD STANWOOD.

It was voted that the income of the Massachusetts Historical Trust Fund for the last financial year be retained in the Treasury, to be expended in such objects as may seem desirable to the Council of the Society.

The PRESIDENT, announcing the death of Curtis Guild, called upon Governor LONG who spoke as follows:

Curtis Guild was elected a Resident Member of this Society October 13, 1910. Owing probably to his activities elsewhere he never attended any of its meetings, and his only participation in its proceedings was a series of letters of the Presidents forwarded by him for publication (Volume XLVII. 463) and a gift of bound volumes of the *Commercial Bulletin* from 1859 to 1901.

He was born in Boston, February 2, 1860, and died in Boston, April 6, 1915, a typical Boston boy and a Boston man. Dying at fifty-five years of age, in the very prime of life, with a brilliant career behind him and the promise of continued usefulness before him, his death seems to us premature and is a deplorable loss to his city, commonwealth and country, all which he loyally and efficiently served and to all which he had become a familiar and an honored name.

He was a conspicuous figure all his life. He was a leader in his boyhood, in college, in manhood, in private and public life. He had a dominant physique, a fine open face, a gallant

bearing, and with these were a knightly and generous spirit and comradeship which won him liking and good will, alike from those of his own and those of opposite views in politics or what not.

A man of unusual versatility, he tended naturally to three avenues of public occupation—literary, military, political. At school and in college, and, indeed, always later, the trappings and the banner of the soldier attracted him. The flag waved no less in his heart than over his head. He commanded the Chauncey Hall school battalion. At Harvard he was a lieutenant in the Rifle Corps; and in the Massachusetts Militia he was a commissioned officer in the well-known National Lancers. He was the first volunteer from Massachusetts in the Spanish-American War and served as Lieutenant Colonel in the Seventh U. S. Army Corps, that of General Fitzhugh Lee. He was not merely a soldier of parade, but a genuine patriot, to whom the honor of his country was dear, and to be defended, if need be, at the cannon's mouth.

At once after graduation he connected himself with his father's excellent newspaper, the well-known *Commercial Bulletin*, a connection which lasted all his life, so that he may be said to have died at the editorial desk. He was a ready writer, very independent and outspoken in his views and influence in financial matters, conspicuously so in those relating to the recent developments and problems affecting our New England railroads.

In politics he found his largest scope and reputation. From the beginning he was an earnest and inspiring Republican. He had been distinguished in college for his readiness and ability in public and dramatic speaking. I remember delightfully witnessing his prominent part in those years in a Greek play at Harvard. With this gift he quickly began to gain reputation as an orator and participated in public political meetings, speaking effectively on the stump in the recurring campaigns. He became very effective and was always in demand in this line. He addressed our Italian voters in their own tongue. With his scholarly attainments he was also in request on occasions of a more literary quality, and he frequently graced the platform in memorial and eulogistic and educational addresses. He presided at state and other conventions, and was

a delegate to the presidential convention in St. Louis in 1896. He addressed large audiences in the following campaign in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, and in 1900 spoke with Roosevelt in the mining camps of Colorado and throughout the extreme West.

With this rapidly increasing political prominence it easily followed that he was elected Lieutenant Governor of our Commonwealth and served as such in 1903, 1904 and 1905, and was Governor in 1906, 1907 and 1908. This great office he filled with marked dignity and ability. Retiring from it to his editorial occupation, he was in 1910 appointed special ambassador to Mexico, and in 1911 ambassador to Russia, at which post he remained till June, 1913, when he returned home and resumed his newspaper labors.

He was a remarkable linguist, acquiring foreign languages with great facility, as indeed he was always very quick in scholarly acquirements. This experience of his in Russia made him, during the recent months of intense interest in the war now waging in Europe, a most interesting and informing commentator and spokesman on the relation of Russia to the conflict and on the conditions of the Russian people, their sufferings and their deserving qualities.

His death seems an untimely sudden extinction of a brightly shining light. So full of life, so overflowing with enthusiastic and helpful interest in all that concerned the public welfare, so ready for any duty, so inspiring to all his fellow-citizens! No wonder that, at his funeral, and during the day he lay in state in the State House Hall of Flags, unusual feeling was publicly exhibited and crowds thronged to pay him the tribute of their respect! He was at once high-minded and genuinely democratic. He was a people's man. He was of such a buoyant spirit that wherever adrift on the popular current he always floated high aboveboard. The touch of gallantry which marked him gave him distinction and attracted attention. And there was no stain on his shield.

Mr. DANA then said:

The late Governor Guild was a warm supporter of civil service reform, understood its needs in detail, and was able to accomplish no little for the cause in Massachusetts. In two of

his inaugural addresses he drew special attention to the needs of the reform, advocating the most up-to-date and approved methods, and was able, through his influence, to secure an increased appropriation for the Civil Service Commission and also legislation for thorough inspection of pay rolls of state and municipal service. In addition to that he vetoed two bills which were intended to provide backdoor entrances for parts of the classified civil service, and with great success he carried through the delicate task of instilling more tact and courtesy into the office of the Civil Service Commission. For, as Governor Guild said, it created enemies every time they accused an official of malice prepense who, through inadvertence, had broken some civil service regulation; and it did no particular good, above what could be gained by mere enforcement of the law, to make open accusations against those who had doubtless been guilty of intentional evasions. He drafted forms of letters to be used on such occasions, and thus did much to allay the unpopularity of the Civil Service Commission among officials. At the same time he did this without injuring the feelings of the Civil Service Commission and those responsible for its work — a task which would have been impossible for one of less friendly, frank and cordial sympathies than Governor Guild.

The other matter which I would like to call to the attention of the Society is the stand that he took in opposition to the efforts of the veterans of the Spanish War to obtain special exemptions and privileges in appointments to the civil service, such as had been granted to the veterans of the Civil War and which had done so much harm both to efficiency in the service and to the cause of the reform itself. He not only used all his influence against these special preferences, but vetoed a bill for partial preferences in June, 1908, accompanying the veto with a strong and able message.

The last time I saw Governor Guild was when he arranged a conference between civil service reformers and the leading officials of the Massachusetts branch of the Spanish War veterans. He had refused to compromise in any way and signified his intention of opposing the preference bill then before the legislature. By means of this conference we were able to remove some misunderstandings and show the bene-

ficent purposes of the reform. This, combined with his opposition, defeated the bill, which was not pushed by its friends with their usual vigor.

The opposition to these plausible measures not only took political courage in the face of open threats,<sup>1</sup> but required also what seems to me must have been hard for a person with the amiable disposition of Mr. Guild — firmness to oppose the wishes of so many of his old comrades in arms.

Mr. MACDONALD, a Corresponding Member, read "Some Observations on Religious Liberty in Rhode Island," which will appear in print elsewhere.

Dr. STORER called attention to two medals — fragments of history in the making — as contemporary documents illustrating the German hatred of all things British. The first is a medal of Von Tirpitz, grossadmiral, on the reverse of which Neptune, seated between the periscopes of a submarine, directs the blowing up of English sailing vessels, with the terse legend: "GOTT STRAFE ENGLAND," which I understand now disputes the place of honor in the German landscape with signs of "VERBOTEN." This, by the way, is, as far as I know, the first representation of submarines in the medallic art. The other medal represents a boat the mast of which is upheld by Sir Edward Grey, and in it an English admiral, with death's head, extending the flags of the United States and Holland. The reverse, with the motto "HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE," has the sentiment, roughly translated, "With the neutral flag the noble Briton, the all-powerful ruler of the sea, protects himself, after the customary fashion of pirates."

Mr. NORCROSS read the following letter of

GEORGE RICHARDS MINOT TO NATHAN DANE.

BOSTON, 3d March, 1787.

DEAR SIR, — Yours of the 18th ulto. I received some days since, but the constant attention of the House to business has prevented my answering it till now.

The opposition to our government is certainly much broken, though it is thought necessary to keep a standing force four months

<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding these threats Mr. Guild received each succeeding year a larger proportion of the total vote cast for governor than the year before.

longer in the western Counties. The Court have been remarkably united though the disqualifying act called up old parties, and some opposition began to appear. In fact, this was almost too decisive a victory for the friends to government to gain, as it was likely to shut the door against opposition in future, a circumstance which I believe many specious patriots wish not to take place untill their favourite plans are properly in train. The dry tax is now so out of repute, and perhaps deservedly so, that gentlemen do not hesitate to say openly that they never expect to see it operate again except for very trifling sums. There has also been much talk about lessening or annihilating the poll tax, and some attempts have been made to execute this scheme, but they have as yet produced nothing.

As to the Continental Convention government have been very decisive about it. They at once agreed to the proposal and the following gentlemen were this day chosen Delegates: Mr. Dana, Mr. Gerry, Mr. Gorham, Mr. King, and Mr. C. Strong. I am sensible that much might be urged against this mode of revising the Confederation, but any thing that looks like bracing the foederal government, is immediately closed with here, so mistaken are the Southern States in their opinion of us in this respect. The House this day passed a Bill without hesitation, for laying a duty of 50 per cent upon all goods imported from any State that would not comply with the Con[tinenta]l Impost system within a limited time. How this will be received at the Senate I am uncertain.

As to the Insurgents, the Sup[er]ior Jud[icia]l Court are ordered to Berkshire on the third Tuesday of this month, and will continue their trials as they come onwards through the *hither* Counties. Examples will undoubtedly be made, and in some instances they will be capital, though I wish some more flagrant characters had been secured.

We begin now to be amused with conjectures upon the elections. The votes I suppose will be much divided, and no probable opinion can be formed of the result. But I should suppose that the present Governour is too intimately connected with the governmental cause to be deserted, if this is generally approved of by the people.

Accept the best compliments of Mrs. Minot and our Family and believe me to be, Dear Sir, Your affectionate h'ble Servt.,

GEO. R'DS MINOT.



Mr. FORD read

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF BENJAMIN MORAN, 1860-1868.

Benjamin Moran was born at West Marlborough, Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1820. Nothing is known of his earlier years, and he made his first appearance in a public capacity in 1853, when he became private secretary to James Buchanan, then United States Minister to the Court of St. James. In 1855 Buchanan wrote urging his employment as a clerk, and with high commendation:

Benjamin Moran, the present Clerk, is all that can be desired. He is one of the most industrious men I have ever known and seems to take delight in labor. Besides, his politics are firmly Democratic. I shall retain him in his place at his present salary until the end of my time (\$800 = £165.5.9.) After this, he has an offer of £200 per annum from General Campbell [U. S. Consul]; but he would prefer to remain in the Legation at his present lower salary; and I think, *here* he ought to remain. By the time this can reach you, you will doubtless know who is to be my successor; and I would request that you should inform me, as soon as you may be able, whether he would agree to retain Mr. Moran at his present salary. I repeat, that in all respects Mr. Moran is an agreeable and useful clerk.<sup>1</sup>

In 1856 Moran acted as Secretary of Legation during the absence of John Appleton and until the appointment of Philip N. Dallas, son of Buchanan's successor in London, George M. Dallas. In January, 1857, he became Second Secretary, and in 1864, under Mr. Adams, First Secretary of Legation. In this position he remained until 1874, when he was sent as United States Minister to Portugal, a method of promoting him out of the service. For creeping paralysis had attacked him, and after a short period in Portugal he resigned, returned to England, and died there. He never visited the United States after leaving it in April, 1853.

On reaching London he began to keep a diary, making a promise of a daily entry, no matter what had passed before him. Such a record must naturally be unequal in value and strongly reflecting the personality of the writer. Occupying

<sup>1</sup> *Buchanan to Marcy*, June 8, 1855. *Works*, IX. 356.

for the most part a subordinate position, he did not enjoy first sources of information, and the light responsibility resting upon him gives little weight to his opinions on public men and measures. The value of his testimony is further lessened by a trait of character unfortunate in its effects upon his superiors and associates. He demanded full recognition as a member of the official family of the minister, and as full social recognition as was accorded to the minister himself. Sensitive to slight, whether intentional or not, he resented apparent neglect and gave vent to his resentment in the pages of his diary. The Dallas family are abused because he had not been included in the social activities of the legation;<sup>1</sup> and he criticises Mr. Adams because he was not invited to the dinners given by the minister, or included in the invitations to all court functions. That attitude colored his opinions of his superiors and kept him at the point of quarrelling with his fellow secretaries. He was second Secretary, and he felt the position, not recognizing the political exigencies which had placed others, and perhaps less worthy men over him, or the social etiquette, which laid restrictions on an assistant secretary not applicable to the Secretary of Legation. Visitors to the Legation, who did not show a deference to him or to his position, fell under his displeasure, and the bitterly personal quality of most of the entries in the Diary stamps the judgment as unjust and spiteful. That the quality of secretaries and consuls sent abroad at this time was not what it should be,<sup>2</sup> and that the American citizen in foreign parts demanded to see the Minister rather than a Secretary, offered conditions for cultivating an intercourse be-

<sup>1</sup> "This day four years ago I was commissioned as Assistant Secretary of the United States Legation, London, and in all that period my *chef*, Mr. Dallas, has deprived me of my social rights. Such a thing was never before known, as a Secretary of Legation being excluded from English society by his minister, and the act is dishonest. I am quite convinced that it is a deliberate act, and by the advice and consent of his family." (January 1, 1861.)

<sup>2</sup> "With every new administration we get a cargo of muddy fish in the shape of hangers on to our foreign ministers which makes me ashamed of my country. We had a visit this morning from one of this class, a certain Mr. Bliss, who claimed to be private secretary to Genl. Watson Webb, and who amused himself all the time he was here by eating a piece of bread. . . He has been an editor, of course." (27 July, 1861.) "I am of the deliberate opinion that there is not a single American consular officer, high or low, in the British realms fit for his place." (13 January, 1860.) "They are one and all a set of pompous ignoramuses, unworthy of public respect." (30 January, 1860.)

tween the two far from cordial. The haughtiness of the one, and the official character of the other, give free play to acts which on Moran's mind produced the idea of being slighted, insulted and neglected. His Diary must be read with this in mind, and his characterizations used with proper caution. He is most unjust on least provocation, and under the habit of thus criticising he shows an incapacity to admit worth and intended kindness, much less generosity.

One fact demands the fullest recognition: he was staunchly loyal to the Union. He could not follow Buchanan, his benefactor, in his weakness toward the rebellious South; he could not swerve from his loyalty when the Legation swarmed with visitors of Southern sympathy and rebel agents; he suspected Dallas of favoring the slaveholders; he went to extremes in judging the acts of the Palmerston government; he did not hesitate to speak his mind to those whom he suspected of disloyalty. He had, as the letter of Buchanan shows, almost become associated with Robert B. Campbell, United States Consul at London, a thoroughgoing sympathizer with the South; but he remained in the Legation, with fortunate results.

"The news from home is that the Republicans at Chicago have nominated Mr. Abraham Lincoln for President. This person is only a village great man, and is but little known.<sup>1</sup> The cry of his party is 'Honest Old Abe,' and something about the bare-footed boy. His nomination is a great insult to Mr. Seward, and he seems to feel it as such, if report be true" (3 June, 1860). The only later comment on the election was that there would be a "clean sweep" in the Legation. The more serious aspect presented itself when, November 23, he learned "the crazy tyrants of South Carolina are at their treasonable work of disunion." He thought them a "set of heartless, shallow-pated brawlers, and as great cowards as boasters." The "South is mad, but not so wild as at last advices. People here really deplore Disunion and a hearty hope is entertained by the English nation that such a madness will not be perpetrated." (3 December, 1860.) Nine days later Dallas and

<sup>1</sup> Lucas, editor of the *Star*, whom Moran described as a "sensible man, extremely well disposed to us," in September, 1862, expressed a very decided opinion against Lincoln, thinking "we select our Presidents as Catholics do their Popes — for their imbecility." (25 September, 1862.)

Moran stood before a map of the United States, and Dallas speculated on disunion, lamenting such a possibility. Buchanan's message was "strong against the North, rather encourages Secessionists and will doubtless do harm" (17 December, 1860); and early in January, 1861, Dallas took an exceedingly gloomy view of the situation, "expressing a firm conviction that the Confederacy was destroyed and declared he had lost all hope of the Government." (January 3.)

January 7, 1861, he learned of the secession of South Carolina and gave vent to his sorrow and prejudice:

So, at last, by internal treason and cold, heartless selfishness, the great American Union has been destroyed. The work has been done by a few men whose lives had better been cast in state prisons than in decent society, and whose conduct is that of reckless villains. They are devoid of patriotism, honor, honesty and morality; are not republicans, and have crushed the nation on the question of slavery, a base system they wish to sustain. As is usual in the case of human misfortune we have no visitors coming to console us, and we suffer our sorrows alone. I am at times disposed to look upon this great evil as the work to a large extent of Mr. Buchanan, altho' I may in ignorance of his policy be doing him a great injustice. Time may prove him right. Still prompt action would have been a check to treason.

From this time he fails to discriminate in his suspicions of Southerners coming to the Legation. Daniel, of Virginia, a "lathy, tall, sallow, ill-looking Virginian, who has deception in every line of his face," suffered in description because he defended secession. (14 January, 1861.) Mitchell, a South Carolinian and Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, roused his anger by talking of the "social hostility of the North towards the South" and of the "rabble," meaning the free laborers at the North.

He is able to obtain no news from home save from the newspapers, but he was a highly prejudiced Northern man. Toward the end of April [26] the fall of Sumter gave him the idea that Anderson had "played the traitor" and surrendered by collusion:

Now that the South have thrown off all disguise and have come out in their true colors, I am for war to the knife. The North for thirty years has stultified itself to keep them in the Union; they

have behaved like beasts in return, have outraged all decency, and should suffer. They have not a grievance, and never had, but have been treated like spoilt children. The present movement is to make slavery a Divine Institution, to establish a military despotism, and an oligarchy, and emanates from people who, while they have for fifty years been preaching Democracy, are the vilest Aristocrats on earth. The contest I have long expected and hope we shall fight it out. It really will be a war of freedom against slavery, of honesty against perfidy, repudiation and piracy.

The Legation offered excellent opportunities for studying human nature, and Moran encountered many interesting, and more trying characters.

"I often think the American Legation in London is like unto the Cave of Adullam; for surely every one in distress, every one in debt, and every one that is discontented, comes here." (11 May, 1860.) Foreigners as well as Americans stranded in London came for aid; the applications for passports were made by all descriptions of persons, whether entitled to the protection of the United States Government or not; artists, reciters, actors, sailors, seekers of English unclaimed estates, courtesans, ex-officers and would-be citizens, military adventurers, inventors — they formed a procession, numerous according to season, and interesting according to occasion.<sup>1</sup>

Judge Haliburton, "Sam Slick," showed a lamentable absence of humor in being "terribly afraid lest Louis Napoleon would invade England. (9 May, 1860.) Nast, a young artist, took out a passport (17 May, 1860), his citizenship being vouched for by Rawlings. Howell Cobb, a planter from Georgia, was "one of nature's gentlemen, both in figure and manners. His prototype in many respects was Prof. Peirce of Harvard University." (26 June, 1860.) A "curious looking roughly and deeply marked faced old man by the name of Longstreet," who "bored Mr. Dallas a while and left none too soon," proved to be the author of *Georgia Scenes*. (13 July, 1860.) George Augustus Sala he met (7 January, 1861) at George Francis Train's, a very French-looking man, with black hair, dark and fiery eyes, in a bullet-shaped head. "There is much nonchalance

<sup>1</sup> This shows that the character of the visitors flocking to the Legation had not changed in forty years. See *John Quincy Adams to Abigail Adams*, March 25, 1816. *Writings of John Quincy Adams* (Ford), v. 544.

about him, and any one would like him for his manliness, although I suspect him to be ready for a quarrel at sight." John C. Frémont came March 31, 1861, to London and made a good impression: "is slight made, has a less prominent forehead than the pictures of him express; has quick, pleasant, grey eyes, a pleasing mouth, and generally good features. He looks more a man of action than of words, and is rather diffident in his manner."

George P. Marsh he saw for the first time, September 15, 1862:

He is a rather robust and stout man, and stands about five feet nine inches high. Judging from his appearance one would say he was not more than forty-two years of age, his hair being a glossy brown, his complexion natural, and his movements easy; but he is in fact above fifty. His sight is weak, and he uses glasses. As a conversationist, as well as a scholar, I found him entertaining. We talked for more than an hour, mainly upon affairs at home, and I soon found that he had no faith in McClellan, and very little in any of those at the head of affairs at Washington. He agreed with me that it would be a far greater proof of statesmanship on the part of Seward to do some useful thing at home than to be writing long high sounding despatches abroad explaining our defeats to be victories.

Charles James Faulkner, United States Minister at Paris, "about 50 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches high, has thick brown hair, a brown complexion, good features, a full forehead, and is a man of decided talent." (9 November, 1860.)

Of Carl Schurz, then on his way to Spain as minister:

He is a tall, slender, rather thin man, with weak blue eyes, blond hair, a prominent nose, firm expressive mouth, and a highly intellectual face. His manners are courtly, and altho' he has the bended shoulders of the student, he is a man one would notice instinctively in a crowd. He is quite 6 feet high. Mr. S. is clearly a man of mark, and will represent us both to his own and our credit. (24 June, 1861.)

June 24, 1861. The first [visitor] was a tall well-formed gentleman by the name of Thomas H. Dudley, a lawyer from Camden, N. J. He has a fine head and remarkably intellectual countenance. His hair is dark brown and wavy, and sets off his high and broad forehead with great effect, altho' at the same time concealing much

of it. He is as intelligent as he looks, and talks with great force. I remembered having seen him here in 1854, and had some talk with him about home. I was much gratified to find him a strenuous patriot. He is modest, refined and able: and would make a splendid European representative.

On April 19, 1862, a sensible young New Yorker, Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, now here on government business concerning the manufacture of iron plates for ships came and talked awhile with us. I liked him much, and his visit was a relief after the tediousness of a lot of dull bores.

George Francis Train, about to open his street railway "on Bayswater Road in London, meant to have a celebration and had his speech printed in advance, fully interlarded with 'cheers' and 'loud applause.'" (23 March, 1861.) Train had lived for some years off McHenry, but quarrelled with his benefactor. Moran saw that he was a charlatan and that all his English schemes were supported on brag and deception. (29 March, 1861.)

April 3, 1861, he learned of the appointment as successor to Dallas of Charles Francis Adams, a "son and grandson of Presidents, and both his grandfather and father were ministers at London." On the next day came a despatch from Seward instructing Dallas "in a very flattering manner to prevent as far as possible the recognition by this Government of the Southern Confederacy. It states that the new nation must be ephemeral and that no good can come of its independence. The way in which this has been received illustrates the effect politics has on certain weak minds. Philosopher Papa [Dallas] regards it as a trick to commit Mr. D. against the South, and seems to think it intended to kill him politically." April 5 the mail brought to Moran notice that he would be retained in office, and Charles L. Wilson<sup>1</sup> had been appointed Secretary of Legation. He at first attributed his retention to the influence of his friends; but later found that Mr. Adams had specially requested it, as a recognition for a service of eight years.

Wilson reached Southampton May 10, 1861, and Moran found him a "pleasant, gentlemanlike person, rather short, stout and good looking, with a fine dark beard and moustache."

<sup>1</sup> Wilson is said to have applied for the postmastership of Chicago, and received the appointment to London.

Wilson sounded Moran on Dallas's attitude, and was told that the minister was "at least a secessionist, but being a northern politician, he had n't the courage to take a decided stand any way." Wilson then stated that the United States Government wanted arms from the British Government, and Mr. Dayton had requested him to ask Mr. Dallas to make an application for them. Moran thought the request would be refused, and mentioning the matter to Dallas, found him disinclined to act. He then turned to the son, Philip, and told him Pennsylvania was all for the Union, and success would be a great *coup* for his father. The son convinced the father, and application being made, Lord John said he would consider it. (12 May.) Twenty-four hours later he informed Dallas that the British Government would not supply arms to the United States.

Temperamentally the two men could not agree. Wilson ate peas with his knife (8 July, 1861) and did not appreciate the beauties of English country, seeing a great waste of land in parks, and the possible use as building lots: "He is full of that crude republicanism that would destroy a village green and reduce everything to bricks and mortar." (12 August, 1861.) Just two months after Wilson's arrival his position with Moran was fixed.

My fellow-secretary is displaying a temper by no means creditable to him. He is altogether out of place and seems a very quarrelsome man. His manners are coarse, and he has a way of speaking by no means respectful. His dress is slovenly, his gait awkward, and he lacks the necessary polish for his post. The appointment was unfortunate. He has been a western editor, a calling that has created in him habits far from refined, and he sits all day either reading newspapers or writing for his journal, and his desk and the floor are littered up with the fragments of paper. (9 September, 1861.)

I now give in chronological sequence the more interesting notes in this Diary:

1860

*Saturday*, March 10, 1860. I dined with McHenry<sup>1</sup> at Edwards' Hotel last evening, . . .

After the adjournment [of the House of Lords] we went back to the Commons and got seats in virtue of Mr. Dallas's tickets. A

<sup>1</sup> James McHenry. See Appleton's *Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, iv. 122.



Mr. Vivian<sup>1</sup> was speaking when we entered: and altho' he hesitated in his speech the substance of his remarks was most practical and useful. They were discussing the French Treaty and he was replying to Mr. Horsman<sup>2</sup> on the Coal question. Being a heavy coal miner, he brought a tremendous force to bear for the Govt. which told effectually; and his speech was to me a great feature in the English system of selection of members of Parliament. These gentlemen represent all the industrial interests of the nation; and as a rule only speak when occasion demands, and then with force. One of them may keep quiet for years; but his time is not wasted. He at last strikes, and his word[s] fall like fire. I wish our Congressmen could be selected on the same principle.

Mr. Vivian is a man about forty-one years of age, dark of complexion, robust and good looking. He was followed by a Mr. Bentinck<sup>3</sup> on the Tory side who made the most personally abusive speech I ever heard. His remarks were directed against Mr. Gladstone, and had they been delivered in the U. S. House of Rept., a dozen duels would have followed next morning. People laughed and jeered, however, and things passed off in that way. Young Sir Robt. Peel succeeded, and made a semi-comic, semi-serious speech.<sup>4</sup> A reference to his father was cheered loudly. Mr. D'Israeli next spoke: but his remarks were labored and evidently not his convictions. Mr. Gladstone replied for the Ministry and made the best speech I ever heard from an Englishman. He is about five feet ten, dark complexioned, has full perceptive faculties, a good address, and, more than all, a musical and powerful voice. His head lacks firmness, and that is doubtless his great fault. In speaking he almost entrances you; and last night he lashed his opponents like school-boys. In fact, he played with them, and came off triumphantly victor. When he arose, he did so with the consciousness of success, and the opposition saw they were gone. Horsman asked to withdraw his motion; but the House refused and the vote was taken about two o'clock, leaving Palmerston over two hundred of a majority.

*Monday, April 16.* Yesterday morning I took a walk over to Campden Hill, Kensington, and after some little trouble found Holly Lodge, for many years the home of Lord Macaulay, and the place where he died. It stands right on the brow of the hill in a

<sup>1</sup> Henry Hussey Vivian, of Glamorgan County.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Horsman, elected from Stroud, Gloucestershire.

<sup>3</sup> George William Pierrepont Bentinck, elected from Norfolk.

<sup>4</sup> "Sir Robert Peel has of late laid aside his usual buffoonery, and has been speaking with very remarkable ability and gravity." *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville*, III. 285.

lane running into Lord Holland's Walk, not far east of Holland House, is a plain unpretending building; has an air of comfort, and is just situate as you would wish the home of a literary man like its late owner. It is somewhat Roman in style, is painted white, and has a large piece of ground attached. The Duke of Argyll has a house next door, and there are several fine villas near by.

This has been a backward spring, and on Saturday we had some furious gusts of hail and snow.

Mr. Dallas had a visit to-day from George Wilkes of the *New York Police Gazette*, and this worthy is to be presented. I remember him as a man no one considered respectable and no one would recognize. Now, the pink of American decorum and refinement will present him to the Queen. He is very civil in his behaviour, and I have no fault to find with his conduct here. He is about five feet six inches high, has a solid person, black hair, short black whiskers, and a thick moustache coming down at the sides of his mouth, the face and chin being otherwise bare. . . .<sup>1</sup>

A man by the name of Haseltine who has been trying to establish an American newspaper here for years was up to see Mr. Dallas about it this morning. He is associated with a Mr. J. Adams Knight, before mentioned in this journal, and proposes to bring out the first number of his publication — the London American — on

<sup>1</sup> George Wilkes, editor of the *Police Gazette*, a "mild intelligent gentleman," and a Dr. Rawlings, who represented *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, brought "scores of letters to scores of people," but Rawlings made a bad impression on Moran. These men came with Heenan, for the famous Heenan-Sayers fight for the championship. When the two were "presented," the *Times* sarcastically asked why Heenan was not also? Dining with the Queen a few days before the fight, the Queen said to Mrs. Dallas, "I understand two American fighters have come over to thrash one of our men." Mrs. Dallas rose, as is the custom when addressed by royalty on such an occasion, and said, "She thought there was no danger to be apprehended from the contest to England, altho' she only had heard that such a combat was to take place, but knew nothing about it." (10 April, 1860.) Heenan, the Benicia Boy, visited the Legation on May 7 (the fight had come off on April 17) and quite won Moran. "This is a joyous, rollicking man of 25, with a figure and head like Apollo. He is six feet one and a half inches high, has a round head, large grey eyes, good teeth, brown hair, a splendid chest, and is one of the noblest looking fellows I ever saw. His nose has evidently been broken at some time in his life, but at present there are no marks of harsh treatment, or 'punishment' as the ring men say, about him. He is truly a splendid fellow, and both good natured and boyish in his manner. This is so natural and apparent, so free and pleasant, that I suspect the title of 'Boy' was given him by his companions because of it." (7 May, 1860.) Thirteen months later Moran learned how the mob jeered Dallas as he went to the next levee, for presenting Wilkes and Rawlings, asking whether his excellency had any more fighting men to present, and if Heenan was then in the retinue. (27 June, 1861.) Rollin M. Squire, a professor of the science of Spirit Rapping, was also presented. (20 June, 1860.)

Wednesday. I have no confidence in the scheme, and so told them, altho' I wish them well.

*Tuesday, April 17.* The grand fight between Heenan and Sayers for the Championship came off this morning at from seven to ten o'clock in a meadow near the Farnborough Station in Hampshire. A large crowd of Lords, Commons, authors, etc., was present, there being thirty railway carriages to take them down. The men fought more than two hours and the American undoubtedly whipped, but was chiselled out of his rights by foul play.

The Countess Persigny causes a good deal of Court Gossip. It is now said that she had a misunderstanding lately in a railway train with Bernal Osborne<sup>1</sup> coming up from the country where she had been with many others at a Nobleman's seat; and getting excited seized the gentleman's hat and threw it out of the window. Osborne coolly retaliated by pitching her muff, worth a hundred pounds, after it: and the scene became very exciting. I have not heard the fate of the muff yet; but Osborne had to go home bareheaded.

1861

April 18. Dudley Mann, one of the Southern Envoys was here this morning. He is an old and very strong friend of Mr. Dallas, and came up under the pretext of paying him a friendly visit. His manner was that of a coward, as he both sneaked in and out. He had a half hour's conversation in private with Mr. Dallas, but its purport I did not learn. I suspect it was treasonable, and there was great indelicacy in Mr. Dallas's receiving him at all. This man arrived in town on Tuesday and in half an hour was in close chat with General Campbell, a man holding a position under Mr. Lincoln, and today has been here concocting villainy with our minister. Dudley Mann is sixty years of age. He is not more than five feet 5, is thick, short and rather heavy. His voice is soft and enunciation slow, with a decided Southern accent. He has a rather good head, but there is not much in him, being like most Southern men, a mere talker.<sup>2</sup>

July 24. The Hon'ble William L. Dayton, our minister to

<sup>1</sup> Ralph Bernal Osborne (1808-1882), of a family of Jewish descent and Spanish origin, who was named Ralph Bernal and added Osborne on his marriage to Catherine Isabella, only child of Sir Thomas Osborne.

<sup>2</sup> When Rost and Yancey reached Southampton, April 27, they telegraphed to Mann in care of the American Legation. The Legation issued passports to Americans who would swear to the fact of their citizenship, although openly in favor of Secession. Mr. Adams introduced the common-sense rule that all asking for passports or visés should take an oath of allegiance to the United States Government. (27 May 1861.)

France, is now in London, to see Mr. Adams about the negotiations upon the Paris Declaration of 1856. Lord John Russell has been quibbling about this business, and with an Englishman's usual effrontery now wants to lay the blame on us. Mr. Adams and Mr. Dayton are not inclined to submit, and it has been decided to ask his Lordship to put his opinions of the question on paper. This will bring the matter to a point. I like Mr. Dayton. He is a tall, manly gentleman of great dignity, and yet as polite and courtly as the most polished peer. He has a fine figure, is a fine commanding man. Intellectually he would make a dozen of Frémont, and yet in 1856 he was second to him on the Republican ticket for President and Vice President.

In a visit to the House of Lords, Mr. Dayton remarked on the inducements Englishmen have for deeds of greatness; and illustrated his meaning by pointing to the representation on the panels of Cabot receiving his patent from Henry the Seventh, of Raleigh's casting his cloak before Queen Elizabeth, and of Drake receiving knighthood. A stable government like that of England attaches the people to it by making the good deeds of its subjects a part of its greatness; but republics too often forget the deserving. It is much to induce great actions that a man knows his service will not be overlooked by rival politicians. I thought Mr. Dayton in this expressed a feeling latent in every reasonable reflecting American, that our Government needs more conservatism and less looseness. (26 July, 1861.)

*Wednesday*, November 27. We have received a long note from Earl Russell, dated yesterday, in reply to Mr. Adams' letter of last Friday, announcing the revocation of Mr. Bunch's *exequatur*. It is to me a hostile document. His Lordship defends Bunch, and boastfully states that his negotiations with the rebels on the last three articles of the Paris Declaration were authorized, and that Her Majesty's Gov't will continue to make such like communications to both the State Gov'ts and Central Gov't of the South whenever it sees fit to do so, and it will not regard such proceedings with the rebels as inconsistent with its obligations as a friendly power to the Federal Gov't. This is an affront these people would not have dared commit, were we not in a crippled state. It seems to me that Lord Palmerston has deliberately determined to force us into a war with England, and I believe this has been his purpose from the beginning. All his movements point to that end. With a malicious wickedness his worst enemy could hardly think of charging him with, he has been playing into the hands of the rebels from

the first: and with the aid of the *Times* he has been disseminating falsehoods about our enmity to England, until he has succeeded in making the people of these realms believe the enormous lie that we are doing all we can to involve them in a war. He is a foe to freedom; and if he succeeds in his Satanic object of hostilities between the Federal Gov't and Great Britain, he will deserve the execration of mankind. His hatred of us is a boyish passion, strengthened by accumulated years. As he was Secretary at War in 1812 he feels that his life and name will not be free from tarnish unless he can expunge us from the earth, and to do so he must be quick. Age will soon lead him to the grave, and he must glut his ire before he goes. In case he succeeds in this mad scheme, he will have the whole English people with him, and they will religiously believe his monstrous imposition that we picked the quarrel. He is one of their idols, and being a Lord, all he has to do is to put adroitly forth a shameful misrepresentation, bearing the semblance of truth, and with the backing of the *Times*, it will take such firm hold of the public mind that ages will not eradicate it in case of war.

That such a result will follow I much fear, for it seems as if the demons of darkness were against us. At about half past twelve this morning we received a telegram from Capt. Britton at Southampton announcing that the West India steamer at that port brought news in there this morning that Capt. Wilkes, of the U. S. Ship of War *San Jacinto*, had stopped the British Mail Steamer *Trent* in the Bahama Channel, not far from St. Thomas, on the 9th Inst. and had forcibly taken Mason, Slidell, Eustis, and Macfarland out of her; and at one o'clock a telegram from Reuter confirmed the statement. That the capture of these arch-rebels gave us great satisfaction at the first blush, was natural; and we gave free vent to our exultation. But on reflection I am satisfied that the act will do more for the Southerners than ten victories, for it touches John Bull's honor, and the honor of his flag. At present the people have hardly recovered from the paralysing effect of the news; but they are beginning to see that their flag has been insulted, and if that devil *The Times* feeds their ire to-morrow, as it assuredly will, nothing but a miracle can prevent their sympathies running to the South, and Palmerston getting up a war. We have no particulars, but from what we hear, it would seem that Capt. Wilkes acted on his own responsibility, and not on that of the Gov't.

I telegraphed the news at once to Mr. Adams,<sup>1</sup> and fear it has

<sup>1</sup> Then on a visit to Monckton Milnes, a friend of the North. "I am inde-feasibly Northern, mainly from the abominable selfishness of the South in breaking up a great country." *Richard Monckton Milnes to C. J. MacCarthy*, June 25, 1861. *Life of Lord Houghton*, II. 71.

not added to his enjoyment of rural retirement. It is odd that he never goes out of town that some thing serious don't arise to call him home.

1862

*Tuesday*, February 19. We have received a letter to the Queen from President Lincoln in reply to one from the Prince of Wales on the death of Prince Albert. It is evidently the work of Mr. Seward and never could have been written by one who had suffered a great affliction. To me it is in questionable taste, has a tone of complaint about it, and is tinged very strongly with politics — in a word is hardly respectful though intended to be thoroughly so. And then it is sealed in an envelope the black edging of which was the work of some clever departmental clerk, whose coloring was ordinary writing ink.

*Thursday*, March 6. W. E. Forster, M.P. for Bradford, intends answering Gregory <sup>1</sup> on the blockade on Friday, and I have [been] getting out some facts for him that he may do it effectually. I was up at this work until one this morning, and have been able to prove the very lists furnished to the British Gov't the most conclusive proofs of their falsity. This morning I breakfasted with Forster, at his house 18 Montague St., Portman Square, and afterwards compared with him our separate analyses, and got out some curious facts about the British blockade of '12-'15. If Gregory dares to touch Yancey <sup>2</sup> and Mason's <sup>3</sup> figures, Forster will demolish him. The *flat boats* that old Mason says ran the blockade at N. Orleans number 119, and I explained to Forster what these are. The list was evidently made up, relying on success from English ignorance of our geography. In the course of our talk Forster said he had seen old Dr. Lushington <sup>4</sup> the previous day, and he had told him that the blockade was the most rigorous ever known; but Forster can't say this in the House.

*Saturday*, March 8. Gregory made his motion last night for more papers on the blockade, and I heard his speech. He is a mean-looking Englishman, with a good deal of the demagogue about him, and speaks with effort. I should say he was 45, and about five feet eleven with a rather robust figure, deep chest, a tolerable head, thick dark hair, and a very unsatisfactory, undecided longish face. It was evident from the first that he had the House, a very large one too, with him. He dealt in generalities, blamed all the bad manners of the South on the North, appealed to the prejudice of the House,

<sup>1</sup> William Henry Gregory, member for Galway.

<sup>2</sup> William Lowndes Yancey (1814-1863).

<sup>3</sup> James Murray Mason (1798-1871).

<sup>4</sup> Stephen Lushington (1782-1873).

and talked about England owing us scant courtesy. His speech was not that of a statesman, but of a demagogue. Still he was heartily cheered, and had I not noticed the confident and reliant manner of Ministers, I should have been afraid his motion would have been successful if pressed to a vote. I was glad to hear him refer to the lists of the vessels that had broken the blockade, for I then felt Forster had him. He was followed by Bentinck, of Norfolk, who is a tory demagogue, and who contented himself by abusing the U. States and quoting against them Tom Moore's scurrilous lines on the slave owners at Washington,<sup>1</sup> alleging they were written to describe the North. He spoke to empty benches, but was a good deal cheered.

Forster arose and went right to the point. He is young in the House, but he is able and made his mark. Unfortunately the audience was thin, many members having gone out to dinner; but his facts were telling. Gregory left when he got through with his tirade, and went over under the Gallery behind the Sergeant at Arms to talk to Old Mason, Mann and McFarland, who were there, but he came back when Forster began. Thurlow Weed and Henry Adams were on the floor, and Wilson and I were in the Diplomatic gallery. We watched closely, and as Forster went on with his exposé, and reduced the tables down almost to nil, Ministers looked up delighted. Gladstone turned round to catch every word, Palmerston looked up inquiringly, Milner Gibson seemed convinced. Thornton Hunt,<sup>2</sup> now a rebel, had been taking notes during Gregory's speech up in the Reporters' gallery, but his fingers suddenly lost their cunning as Forster went on, and he sat looking at him with mouth open, clearly showing a conviction against his will. The thin benches began to fill, and the cheers were strong. In ten minutes it was clear Forster had killed Gregory, his motion, and the blockade. Baxter,<sup>3</sup> the young member for Montrose, was exultant and evidently unexpectedly so, and cheered both vehemently and often. The speaker went on calmly, showing that confidence which always stands to a man who knows he is right. He described flat boats, unravelled dates, made Consul Bunch and Mason give evidence against themselves, and ended with a short peroration to the point, about who wanted to break the blockade. I never saw success so complete. Everybody seemed convinced; and as it was late, and Wilson and I had had no dinner we left. Before going we called Forster out and thanked him.

<sup>1</sup> "To Thomas Hume, Esq., M. D. from the City of Washington."

<sup>2</sup> (1810-1873), son of Leigh Hunt and a member of the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*.

<sup>3</sup> William Edward Baxter, a merchant of Dundee.

We were told that when Lindsay,<sup>1</sup> the ship-builder, was speaking later in the evening, Lord Eversley,<sup>2</sup> who happened to be on the floor near the South strangers' gallery at that point, heard a loud cheer behind him when something harsh was said against Mr. Seward, and on turning round found the cheer emanated from Old Mason. This has damaged him terribly, as it was not only out of place but indecent, and if anyone had been so disposed would have secured his expulsion from the House.

The motion was withdrawn without a vote, and the *Times* of to-day says the blockade is perfect!<sup>3</sup>

*Sunday, March 23.* Wilson and I went to Lady Palmerston's at 10:30 last evening and remained until nearly twelve. We were among the first arrivals at Cambridge House, and I had ample opportunity to look at the rooms. It is a plain structure in every sense. The hall, however, is very large, the staircase lofty and noble, but the drawing rooms are not so large as one might expect. A fine picture of Lord Palmerston, when much younger than now, hangs on the wall facing the drawing room as you ascend the second flight of stairs, but beyond this and a fine portrait of Lady Joscelin<sup>4</sup> in the refreshment room I saw no "family" or other pictures. After depositing our cloaks in the cloakroom we went up unheralded, and seeing Lady Palmerston I introduced myself. She is still a fine

<sup>1</sup> William Schaw Lindsay (1816-1877) was in Moran's mind, but was not a member of Parliament at this time.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Shaw-Lefevre (1794-1888).

<sup>3</sup> "*Thursday, March 13.* On Monday night there was a debate in the House of Lords on the American blockade, when Lord John Russell declined to give the papers moved for, and said that 'the policy pursued by our Government had been dictated not by expediency, but by justice, and that both sides at some future period would acknowledge this fact, and he trusted that within three months, if not sooner, we might see the end of the war, and he hoped that it might terminate in a manner consistent with the welfare and happiness of both parties, and a renewal of the old good feeling between North and South, and that they would consent to a graceful separation into two States which might be powerful and prosperous?' I don't think this prophecy on the part of John Russell was judicious, however likely it may be of accomplishment, and I see no probability of it. It is, however, remarkable that by the advices from New York the same expectation exists of the approaching end of the war, and Mr. Seward gives exactly the same opinion of its duration as John Russell did (ninety days), though by no means with the same result. Edward Ellice, whom I met at Flahault's on Monday, said he was convinced that whether the war went on or not, the Federal Union was doomed. Mr. Adams, the American Minister, told Flahault that the war would be over by the month of June, but with what result he did not specify." *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville*, 4th Series, 28.

<sup>4</sup> Frances Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Leopold Louis Francis, fifth Earl of Cowper, and Amelia, daughter of Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne. Cowper died in 1837, and his widow, in 1839, married Viscount Palmerston. The daughter married Viscount Jocelyn.



woman, altho' probably sixty-five, and has a most decided aristocratic bearing. As Mr. Wilson came up, I passed on and was received by Lord Palmerston in his usual frank, confident and gentlemanly way, as he shook my hand. He asked me how I was, replied that he was well to my questions about his health, and after some other commonplace remarks went to receive Wilson and Henry B. Adams. By this time many others had arrived, and the brilliantly lighted Drawing Rooms began to assume an animated and even gorgeous appearance, the murmur of voices contributing in no small degree to the cheerfulness of the scene. Before the crowd became dense, many ladies and gentlemen were seated in conversation, but as numbers increased, the ladies only kept their seats.

The main drawing room faces Piccadilly, and another joins it at the east running to the back of the House. Crowds soon filled this, and among the many ladies and gentlemen here the beauty that attracted all eyes was the Lady Dian[a] de Vere Beauclerk, the handsome, slender, descendant of Nell Gwynne.<sup>1</sup> She has grown taller than when I last saw her, and is more animated, and more developed. Beauty is hers undoubtedly, and her splendid head, so gracefully and yet so naturally borne, well becomes her swan-like neck and elegant figure. Her hair, which she wears back from her temples in thick masses, is a beautiful chestnut brown, her eyes are expressive, blue and bright, her mouth small, and remarkably pretty, her nose aquiline and her chin, the perfection of its kind, being small and exquisitely chiseled. There were a number of admirers around her, but being the daughter of a Duke and the sister of a Duke, plebeians went not near her. Lady Joscelin, a daughter of Lady Palmerston, a lady of forty-two years, was the next in point of beauty. She is one of the ladies in waiting at Court, whom I have often seen during the last five years, but have never been presented to. Her husband died suddenly of cholera in 1854, and much sympathy was felt for her at the time. She remains a widow, probably for the purpose of devoting herself to her children, for marry again she might no doubt if she would. It is the portrait of this lady I have before referred to. As the evening advanced the company ebbed and flowed like a tide. In it there came many

<sup>1</sup> Her first son by Charles II was Charles Beauclerk (1670-1726), first Duke of St. Albans. In 1694 he married Lady Diana Vere, daughter and sole heiress of Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford. Beauclerk's grandson was Topham Beauclerk, who, with his wife Diana, eldest daughter of Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough, is frequently mentioned by Boswell. The "Lady Di" of the text was daughter of William Aubrey de Vere, ninth Duke of St. Albans and sister of William Amelius Aubrey de Vere, the tenth Duke of St. Albans. She married, in 1872, Sir John Walter Huddleston and died in 1905.

persons of note. There was Austen H. Layard, the exhumers of Nineveh, a firmly set man of fifty with a fine head; Sir Charles Wood, whose intellectual face would extort an ejaculation of admiration from a physiognomist, if he were in a laborer's garb, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, with his long and heavy bony face, low forehead, crisp hair, sinister eyes, and gaunt heavy awkward figure. The diplomatic body were numerous. Baron Brunnov, the portly Russian Minister, was in company with his graceful, calm, gentlemanly young Secretary, Subaroff. D'Azeglio, the Italian, was also there; and Young Tricoupi, the Greek Chargé d'Affaires. Among the crowd was Sir Henry Holland, and his toadeating qualities followed him even there. Henry Adams was pleasant and gentlemanly. Wilson was coarse and awkward, besides being the worst dressed man present. I observed that many of the nobles wore a blue or red scarf over their shoulder; and many foreigners had their orders. Early in the evening Wilson and I were standing by a table on which lay a paper. I suggested it might be *Punch*, and so it proved, the main caricature being Palmerston at the helm of a coaster in a calm in sailor costume whistling for a wind, while Lord John and the other Cabinet officers are lying idly around.<sup>1</sup> It struck me that the fact of the paper being there was as good a joke as the caricature itself. Palmerston clearly liked the thing or he would not have permitted it on his table for the amusement of his guests.

In this society the talk of the men was dull and in the dawdling tone of their class; while that of the ladies was cheerful and in a natural voice both musical and distinct. Why this difference? I greatly admire the manner of speaking of English ladies, but that of the men is simply childish.

It was nearly twelve when we left, and we came away as others did, without saluting our host. He was engaged and it would have been rude to have intruded. There was an ample supply of refreshments.

*Thursday, May 29.* I was at an evening reception at Lady Charlotte Denison's<sup>2</sup> last night, at the Speaker's House in the New Palace, Westminster. The dwelling lies back near the Clock tower, and is approached thro' a courtyard from New Palace Yard. It was after dark when Wilson and I arrived, and the grand Gothic staircase in the entrance hall was filled with beautiful women and famous men whose splendid dresses were thrown out grandly by the brilliancy of light. Many were ahead of us as we ascended, and some

<sup>1</sup> March 22, 1862.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Charlotte Cavendish Bentinck, third daughter of William, fourth Duke of Portland. In 1827 she married John Evelyn Denison (1800-1873), Speaker, 1860-1872, and created Viscount Ossington.

minutes were consumed in reaching the cloak room. Here we found a crowd of ladies chatting and jesting, and the buzz of cheery voices was delightful. The room is Gothic, as are all those I was in. We followed the crowd along a corridor to the south, and were announced to Lady Charlotte, a pleasing middle-aged lady, who was both gracious and cordial. A few words with her and then we floated into the ocean of life in the reception room, the first persons we encountered being "Bear Ellice"<sup>1</sup> and Monckton Milnes. Conversation was impossible and we passed on thro' the hot crowd. The beauty of the ladies, their splendid dress, and the black coats of the men, blended in contrast with the panelled walls of the room, with its tasteful decorations, and the oak ceiling with its carved pendants and ornate panels. We got over to the windows overlooking the Thames and the waves of that dirty current really looked like water in the moonlight. While here, a very respectable, but extremely black negro stood near me, and seeing Gerald Ralston at his side, I was presented to him. He proved to be President Benson of Liberia. I found him to be a man of excellent manners, of good conversational powers, and of moderate talents. In fact, one that would make a good impression anywhere, and who is no doubt a thoroughly honest man. He told me he was a native of Maryland, but had not been there since he was six years old. I noticed that but few persons spoke to him, notwithstanding the English love of the negro.

We remained an hour or more and went through several rooms. One, that at the angle of the building, contains the portraits of many of the Speakers, and some are very fine pictures. There is a beautiful chimney-piece in the next room, and much fine carving. The brown oak panelling, and rich colors of the ladies' dresses, would have made up quite an antique scene, had it not been for the presence of men like D'Israeli and Gladstone, who brought my fancy back to fact and the 19th century. I saw Mr. Denison, the present Speaker, and our host, but was unable to speak to him. He is a tall, raw-boned man of about sixty, with thin hair, inclining to grey, a long face with a large nose, a good head, and a countenance expressive of cheerfulness and good humor. Wilson got tired, because he felt like a fish out of water, as he cannot hold a conversation with any one of intelligence, and urged me to come away. We left before midnight, and just as we got into the Courtyard, the great bell in the Clock tower beat twelve, and his hoarse roar went booming sullenly on the air of night over darkened London.

<sup>1</sup> Edward Ellice (1781-1863), generally known as "Bear Ellice" for his "wittiness," says Carlyle, "rather than for any trace of ferocity," but really because of his connection with the northwest fur trade.

*Monday, June 2.* I went to a splendid fête champêtre at Lord Granville's, at Chiswick House, on Saturday. This is where Canning and [blank] died. The approach from Turnham Green is through one of the sweetest lanes I ever saw, overarched by limes for half a mile, and this was filled with one long line of splendid carriages on Saturday from three to six. We alighted at the splendid gateway and entered the gardens, where crowds of ladies and gentlemen were sauntering under the trees towards the house. The grounds are wonderfully laid out, and the trees and shrubs which are numerous, are so arranged as to give the landscape a finely wooded appearance, interspersed with open lawns and beds of flowers. Over these trees we caught a glimpse of the house, a Palladian structure, which peeped out coyly, a large cedar of Lebanon, with its dark branches, adding an air of dignity to it. Crowds of carriages filled the drive. We reached the door on foot, and passing from front to rear through a tunnel-like hall, were met by Lord Granville in the rear grounds. Here were nearly two thousand ladies and gentlemen in all kinds of morning and evening dresses, the Frenchmen mostly wearing evening dress and those queer little fore and aft hats now so fashionable with them. I met many persons I knew, and saw many of the famous whom I did not know. Among these was Thackeray. He is a man full six feet high, with a good figure, grey hair and a flat broken nose. A half hour spent here, sufficed for a general survey of the company, and Wilson and I went off to view the extensive grounds and conservatories. The place is a Paradise, and a man with wealth might make a visit to it the envy of every one. I would like to own it and have the means to live there and entertain my countrymen. There is a lake with boats, a bridge over this in the Italian style, temples of pleasure, and lawns, the velvet turf of which was soft enough for the feet of fairies. About these lawns ladies and gentlemen were sauntering, bands played in the groves, and little tents pitched here and there invited the loiterer to enjoy the flavor of delicious strawberries, ice cream and fruit. When we returned to the crowd at the house it had greatly augmented, and among the ladies was the Lady Diana Beauclerk, with a crowd of admirers, Soubaroff, the Russian Secretary, being apparently the most devoted. But the Lady Die is a flirt, and I suspect the elegant Russian was merely the flatterer of the hour, being too much of the diplomatist, even in his gallantry, to be caught by the bird-lime of the flash of the patrician coquette's fine eyes and her inviting smiles.

Chiswick House was a great resort in the life-time of the late Duke of Devonshire, and there he permitted those magnificent floral fêtes to be held which for years were the resort of the most aristocratic

society of London in the Season, and to go to which was the ambition of many a female aspirant for the fame which beauty loves to extort from the world of fashion. It is now the residence of the Dowager Countess of Granville,<sup>1</sup> who is a relative of the present Duke of Devonshire.

We waited until near six and got home with difficulty, every body as usual trying to get away at the same time. I noticed Pres't Benson there, but he was not much looked after by the company. The weather was very fine and there was nothing to mar the enjoyment.

*Wednesday, June 4.* This being the day of the Great London Carnival, I suffered myself to be persuaded to go to it. I got a carriage; and myself, Hale, Judge Thompson<sup>2</sup> and Goodloe made the company. We started about ten o'clock, and when we got into Clapham Road there was a line of vehicles three or four deep apparently extending for miles, towards Epsom. Many of those going were very respectable in appearance, and many were of the lowest class. In the tremendous crowd were the four in hand with its aristocratic company of young men outside, dressed in light colored costume, their servants being inside; the tradesman's open carriage, with its pretty women; and the donkey cart of the coster-monger, to say nothing of the smart barouche with its freight of richly dressed "respectable courtesans." As we progressed towards the race course, chaffing began, but I heard but little that was witty. The jokes were nearly all stale and seldom good. The best I heard was got off by one of a lot of rough fellows in a sort of dog-cart at the expense of a company of young fellows on a four-in-hand dressed in ash-colored clothes and light hats. He was sitting with an impudent unconscious sort of air on the side of his cart, with hat half over his eyes, sucking a pipe; and without raising his eyes or giving any signs of having seen the subjects of his fling, cried out to a companion with, "I say, Bill, there's a lot o' bakers about, I smell the dough." The swells themselves enjoyed the fun, and whipped away in good humor. There was much vulgarity, and the whiskey began to work as we neared the Course, and by the time we reached Epsom the usual stiffness of John Bull had given way to uproarious familiarity. But this increased on the ground, and shall be described hereafter. Our horses toiled up a broad flat incline after leaving the town of Epsom, which lay exposed to the hot sun, and was there almost one mass of vehicles and human beings, dust begrimed and weary. The race ground is rolling, and over it for a mile or more,

<sup>1</sup> Lady Harriet Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire.

<sup>2</sup> James Thompson (1806-1874) of Pennsylvania.

perched on hills, or lining the sides of hollows, were thousands upon thousands of men and women, sitting on the ground, walking about or remaining in the carriages, of which there were unknown numbers. The Grand Stand was at our left, and we went as near to this as possible; but before we could do so we had to pay the enormous sum of two pounds for the doubtful privilege of going within a certain boundary on the side of the hill near where the horses emerge when ending the race. Here were already carriages beyond conjecture, side by side, packed so closely as to make it difficult if not impossible to thread your way between them, and these were surrounded by a lot of coatless, shoeless, vulgar vagabonds, whose expression betrayed their thievish propensities. The many gypsy waggons around the outside of the charmed two pound enclosures, indicated the homes and characters of these vagabonds, and their persevering begging and brazenry warned you to keep them at a proper distance. When our horses had been ungearred, we disposed ourselves so as to get a view over the ground. Far and wide was one mass of humanity, relieved occasionally by the green sward and the booths of showmen. The course I could not see, but its line was pointed out to the west and south. To my surprise it was over the turf, and was not a circle like ours but a semi-circle. The Grand Stand seemed a respectable sort of place and was well filled with people. The great attraction was however among the people in the carriages and on the ground: and these appeared to have come more for the purpose of giving way to wild hilarity than to see the race. Like the rest we soon opened our viands and food. The Champagne did its work soon, and chaffing began. Women inaugurated the sports by throwing a species of rough wooden dolls at the men and each other, and this folly soon became general. All reserve was cast aside. Pandæmonium seemed let loose. When the supply of dolls was exhausted, some beery Britons threw mud, and a good deal of anger was the consequence. But few seemed to think of the professed object of the long ride, until the signal for the first race was given, and then a temporary lull arose in the intellectual sport of doll throwing. The start was at the west end of the semi-circle; but the race was run too much behind crowds of people to be exciting. Soon after the great event was announced. Every body was on tip-toe, and when the cry burst out that they were off, eyes were strained to catch a view wherever the animals could be seen. I first caught sight of them at the side of the south hill on which the show booths stand, and saw them occasionally during the remainder of the run. On they came near us in very irregular order, three being to my view much in advance, and themselves somewhat straggling. They soon bunched however and a shout went up that "Caractacus," a

comparatively unknown horse, as usual, had won.<sup>1</sup> I had no risk and was indifferent to the result. Not so others. Much betting had taken place near us and losses were plenty. Wine again flowed, the day was declining, and we decided to return home. The home drive was something perfectly unique to me. The road was crowded, chaffing was wild, indecent and continuous; but few were sober, the whole road from Epsom to London seemed to me one crowd of vehicles, horses and tramps. But few were civil, and all vulgar. The scene was one of Bacchanalian riot, our pace was only a walk, and it was twelve this evening when I left Hale at his lodgings. He indulged in the fun, got into several mêlées, and lost his hat and cravat. Judge Thompson and myself were quite sober, and got home by one o'clock after taking a late supper.

Taking it all together, this Derby Day is one of the most disgraceful affairs mankind can be engaged in. It is virtually a carnival of lust, drunkenness and gaming. It may do to see once, but no respectable person would willingly go to it a second time. As we went we met many poor ill-clad men and boys walking to the ground in the hot sun and dust, and in several places ragged sunburnt boys were asleep in shady nooks, fairly worn out with the toils of the journey. But few of these I fear ever saw the race, and many slept where they were until morning. The number of people that visited the ground must have been about 200,000, and one-fourth of these were women. If any of these were respectable, and one half of them no doubt were, their faces must have crimsoned often at the vulgar remarks of the crowd of well-dressed and tawdry-dressed blackguards, male and female, on the road home. Here there was no restraint, and with their filthy language they hurled mud and turf. Several fights occurred in our presence, but nothing serious took place to my knowledge. The ribaldry and demoralization disgusted me, and I never care to participate in another Derby Day.

*Tuesday, July 1.* Mrs. Adams' reception was well attended last night, and old Brougham<sup>2</sup> had the impudence to be of the company. He invited himself.

There was an English gentleman by the name of Hargreaves present, a mild looking man, whom some persons took for a Yankee. At one time when he was talking to me, Lady Holland (Sydney Smith's daughter)<sup>3</sup> remarked to Henry Adams that we Americans

<sup>1</sup> "That race was won by a horse called 'Caractacus,' against which 40 to 1 was betted before starting. The favorite, 'Marquis,' came in second. There never was seen so vast a multitude on the Downs before, and the concourse of foreigners was enormous." *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville*, 4th Series, 52.

<sup>2</sup> He had recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Henry Holland (1788-1873) married for his second wife, Saba, daughter of Rev. Sydney Smith. She died in 1866.

were unmistakeable, and pointing to us, said, "See those two gentlemen — any body would know the American from the Englishman." "Which of them, Lady Holland, is the Briton?" said Adams. Her ladyship seemed piqued, and said, "Why, the dark haired one of course." "It happens," remarked he, "that that is Mr. Moran, the Secretary of Legation, a native Pennsylvanian, and your Yankee is every inch an Englishman, and has not even been in the U. States." Lady Holland dropped the conversation.

Lord Lyons called and paid his respects to Mr. Adams to-day. He did this before Mr. Adams had a chance to call on him. His Lordship is clearly not anxious to return to his post.<sup>1</sup>

*Thursday, July 3.* I was at a reception last evening at the Russian Embassy, and there met Joshua Bates. He was very friendly and talked a good deal about his early life, telling me among other things that he could remember seeing great waggons in the streets of Boston with the word "Ohio" on their canvas covering, and used to look at them like other Bostonians with wonder because they had come so far and told of the great forests of the West. In those days he went to the counting house at six o' summer mornings, and thought that late; and used frequently to swim in Charles River, when Charles River was a pure crystal stream. During the evening, as we wandered round among the celebrated men and women who constituted the company, and passed from one gay and crowded saloon to another, we met many notabilities whom we knew, among them Lord Lyons. He is a dull man with a heavy intellect and measures his words too much to please me. As we stood in one of the largest rooms looking at the moving throng and ever changing scene, an occasional celebrity passed whom I did not know, and these Mr. Bates pointed out. One was Lord Broughton, once Sir John Cam Hobhouse, the friend and companion of Byron. He is an odd looking squat old man, with a broad chest, small legs, large head and strongly marked but pleasing features. I gazed at him with feelings of reverence, for he seemed to me a person out on a sort of holiday from his grave. I read of him when I was a boy, and imagined him an old man then. But old as he is there is a good deal of vitality left in him yet. Still I wondered, as I gazed at him, what it was he possessed that so captivated Byron. Mr. Bates told me he talked well, and Tricoupi, later in the evening, said he was a good Greek scholar. These merits no doubt had much to do in attaching

<sup>1</sup> "On Monday I met at dinner Lyons, lately returned on leave from America; he declares that he knows no more of the American war, or of its probable issue, than we do here. He foresees no end to it, and says the hatred of the contending parties and the virulent irritation of the North against England are as great as ever." *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville*, 4th Series, 59.



the great poet to him: and he returns the honor by cherishing a warm regard for the memory of his wonderful friend. I liked the reception and enjoyed it very much. It was getting into the small hours of the morning when I came away.

*Wednesday, July 16.* Occasionally a little piece of romance breaks the monotony of the daily routine of this Legation that merits record. Recently we have had for visitors two gentlemen, George and Frederick Sedgwick, of Chicago and Connecticut respectively, the first being a lawyer, the last a schoolmaster. The lawyer showed me a letter introducing himself and brother to Lord Monteagle, and expressed his conviction that it was written by an impostor. I looked at it, and finding it from Edward-Henry Spring Rice,<sup>1</sup> said that was really the family or surname of Monteagle, and the letter was doubtless genuine. The Chicago Sedgwick then told me that the writer was an usher at a moderate salary in his brother's school in Connecticut, and that as he had a very high opinion of the wealth of Lords he thought he could not be of a noble family. I enquired the man's age, and on looking over the Peerage found the name there. The description of age corresponded, and the school teacher in a Yankee village turned out in fact to be Lord Monteagle's eldest brother. On my advice the letter was delivered and a response in the shape of an invitation to dinner received. The brothers went and dined at the Lord's, somewhere near Barnes, were well and cordially entertained, and came away quite convinced of the true character of the usher, and that an aristocrat might have in him enough of the democrat to follow a plebeian calling for an honest living.

*Saturday, July 19.* Last evening being the time fixed for the discussion of Lindsay's motion for the recognition of the Rebels,<sup>2</sup> I was sent down to the House by Mr. Adams' direction to observe the feeling and report the proceedings. On going there at about five o'clock I found the Commons had adjourned to meet at six. I went at the appointed hour. There was a very large gathering of strangers extending all through St. Stephen's porch, and filling up nearly the whole of the outside lobby of the House. Among those who were lounging in the hall or corridor leading from the grand central vestibule to the Commons, was Geo. McHenry.<sup>3</sup> This recreant Northern man displayed much servility towards the door keepers and policemen, and had a good deal of the mean guilty look of a sheep-stealing dog. He observed me, as I did him, but as I always detested the fellow, I treated him as if I was unaware of his presence. Just as the House again met, the crowd of anxious visitors increased and much confusion followed at the doors. The gate-

<sup>1</sup> Edmund Henry, born in 1821.

<sup>2</sup> *Proceedings*, XLVII. 387.

<sup>3</sup> *Ib.*, 280.

keepers there increased their already very large stock of insolence and ill-manners, until they became unbearable. At this time the rebel Mason came up attended by Williams,<sup>1</sup> our late Minister at Constantinople, Geo. McHenry and two or three vulgar looking confederates, whose appearance and manners were not favorable to their modest pretensions to be considered as specimens of the only gentlemen in America. Mason and Williams are both coarse, gross, ponderous, vulgar looking men, and on this occasion they did not show to the best advantage. They were badly dressed. Williams always was a sloven. Last night his shirt front was crumpled and stained with tobacco spit, and his trousers were unbuttoned. Mason was impudent — which he mistakes for dignity — and wore a *dress* coat with a black satin vest. Linsey-woolsey don't answer here. The rough boor who keeps the door spoke to them in a loud insolent commanding tone and ordered them back. But while they were parleying, Gregory, their champion, came out and in his peculiarly offensive and whining tone said he had orders for the floor for his friend Mr. Mason and suite. The *suite*, however, being large was not admitted to the privilege he demanded, McHenry and the rest of the mean little rebels being sent into the Speaker's gallery, while Gregory conducted his friends Mason and Williams to seats on the floor under the gallery. I soon followed, and having the privilege of either going into the Diplomatic Gallery or on the floor, decided for the floor for the time. Mason sat near the gangway in front and Williams behind.

An ineffectual attempt having been made to induce Lindsay to withdraw his motion, that gentleman rose and began his speech. He opened by striking off every offer of *recognition* and fell back on simple mediation, without referring to hostilities. He is a wretched speaker and soon drove half the members of a very full House away. For years I have entertained great respect for the intelligence and dignity of the English House of Commons, but after hearing the vulgar misrepresentations of Lindsay on the United States last night, welcomed by applause, I can no longer even respect it. His speech, if a blundering utterance of a long tissue of naked falsehoods can so be called, was simply an insult to intelligence and reason. I thought old Mason was ashamed of his advocate. He openly lied about the tariff, and had evidently been crammed by the rebels. After an hour's abuse of us, and his reasons therefore, he wound up by saying that independently of all these he desired the disruption of the American Union, as every honest

<sup>1</sup> James Williams of Tennessee. He was United States minister to Turkey from January 14, 1858, to May 25, 1861.

Englishman did, because it was too great a Power and England should not let such a power exist on the American Continent. Old Mason spat tobacco more furiously at this than ever, and covered the carpet. I thought that if he had a particle of manly feeling left he would blush at the contempt thus expressed for him by his champion. For there was in it a positive declaration that the South was nothing to him, and that he was only trying to array one section against the other for the destruction of both in order to feed the envy of England.

I watched carefully the effect of this speech. At first it was cordially welcomed, but it soon became evident that there was a growing doubt in the House about even *Mediation!* The Tories cheered the most. This revealed their policy. I gave Mr. Forster my private telegram giving the denial to the reported capitulation of McClellan, and he circulated it. The dates were conclusive, and I began to fear they would n't adopt the motion, for after the open abuse of us by Lindsay, and the approval it met by the House, I wanted the resolution passed. It seemed to me that fear of us, and fear alone, was the check to action. There was a lull after Lindsay sat down. Gregory and he, as well as some of the Tories, went over to Mason. I went up to the Diplomatic Gallery, and Mr. P. Taylor,<sup>1</sup> the new Member for Leicester, began to speak.

This gentleman was jeered at first, but by perseverance he got a hearing. I observed Palmerston, who seemed to be quietly asleep on the Treasury bench with his hat over his eyes when Lindsay was speaking, but was not, turn and look enquiringly at Taylor. The Tories behaved like blackguards. They showed their love of free-speech by trying to put down every body not of their way of thinking. Mr. Taylor however persevered, and under a great deal of provocation made an eloquent but an indiscreet speech. The popularity, or respect entertained for a speaker, is always evinced in the House by full or empty benches. Mr. Taylor soon brought back the crowd that hobbling Lindsay drove away and he was met both by applause and condemnation. He said the war was between Freedom and Slavery, which was met with loud cries of No, No! and jeers. He also said that mediation was an insult and would lead to war. This was also cried down. And when he mentioned the name of honest Abraham Lincoln, the burst of horse-laughter and ridicule that greeted it, was a disgrace to the age. The act itself was bad enough in all conscience, but the manner and tone of the expression were even more offensive. Mr. Taylor was equal to the occasion, and met the guffah of this intelligent assembly of honest

<sup>1</sup> Peter Alfred Taylor (1819-1891).

and refined English gentlemen with a declaration that shamed them to silence. "Yes," said he, "I say honest Abraham Lincoln — a name that will be remembered and honored when all the smooth-tongued diplomats and statesmen of the day are forgotten." He also told them that their hostility was hatred of America, that slavery was the cause of the rebellion, and that English advocacy of the rebels was an abandonment of that hostility to slavery that had ever been the characteristic of Englishmen in modern times. The jeers to this were feeble, as the truth it contained was felt. Mr. Taylor quoted most effectually from J. Stuart Mill, and made the most of the point so gained.

Lord A. Vane Tempest,<sup>1</sup> a dissipated and unprincipled young nobleman, spoke next. His manner is that of his class and his speech was, like Lindsay's, composed of falsehood and abuse. I thought he was drunk, and so did the House, for he came near falling over the back of the bench in front of him on several occasions. He described the slave-drivers as gentlemen and the soldiers of the Republic as mercenaries. Went over the old slanders about America insulting England, taking good care to charge to the present Administration all the faults of past Cabinets, and wound up with an insult to Mr. Taylor. Vane Tempest is bloated from drink, and would be in the workhouse if he were not a Lord, but being a Lord he is in the English House of Commons. He was a good deal cheered by the tories; and the current of their policy, which until last night they have carefully concealed, was seen to flow with the rebels.

Mr. Forster spoke next. He made a brief but telling speech. Palmerston and Gladstone looked up at him and the tories faintly applauded. I had prepared him with some facts to refute Lindsay and he used them. He showed that the North had always taxed itself to protect sugar, cotton, tobacco and rice, and that South Carolina never once mentioned tariffs or taxation in her Declaration of Independence. Lindsay had said that odious Northern taxation was the cause of the rebellion. But after all, I don't know that it was worth while to notice the fellow. Great respect was paid to Mr. Forster's speech and it did good. By this time the rebel story of McClellan's capitulation had been exploded and their cause was growing palpably weaker.

The tories had however prepared themselves for expounding their policy and Mr. Whiteside,<sup>2</sup> the Attorney General for Ireland under Lord Derby in '58, was selected as their mouthpiece. That

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Adolphus Charles William Vane Tempest, representing Durham County, Northern Division. He died in 1864.

<sup>2</sup> James Whiteside (1804-1876).

the proceeding had been prearranged is confirmed by the fact that Lord Derby himself came in to hear Mr. Whiteside's speech. Being in the lobby just before Mr. Whiteside began I met the Earl of Derby going into the Commons. D'Israeli usually represents the tories in all great debates in the Lower House, but on this occasion he had evidently declined the task. This fact, and Whiteside's selection, are further proof of prearrangement. He began very deliberately and delivered what was evidently a prepared speech. He is an able eloquent Irish Orator and speaks with great force. The tories cheered his references to the supposed failure of Republican institutions loudly, and he belabored us soundly but politely. At times he was severe, but he was never vulgar. One can bear polite slander with a better grace than he can coarse abuse. He was terribly sarcastic at times, but rarely truthful. In fact both classes of the rebel advocates seemed conscious that they could only carry their point by falsehood, and appeals to prejudice. His philippics at times were savage and were hailed with laughter. Being a tall, fine, venerable and powerful man, with considerable action and oratorical force — rare qualities in England — and yet no ranter, he soon had the House with him. He spoke from the floor and therefore had room for movement. His modified Irish accent sounded well when I forgot in my admiration of the orator the subject of his eloquence; but it sent a chill crawling over me when I recollected myself and recalled the fact that its tones were pleading the cause of slavery against freedom. Mr. Forster came up to me while he was speaking and said, "You see now where the tories are." I did and was glad of it. They had thrown off the cloak and fixed their position. It was an able speech but altho' well received, its admirers seemed to be more noisy than determined. They were whistling to keep their courage up.

Gregory followed in his insipid way with a lot of platitudes, and expressions of confidence that "this House" would adopt the resolutions; but was not very happy.

There was a pleasant young gentleman whom I did not know in the gallery at my side with whom I had been in conversation during the evening, and who up to this time had thought the vote would be favorable. He however had, like me, been a close observer of the effects of the speeches and the changes in the feeling of the House, and agreed that there would be either no vote or a defeat. I expressed my regret. He knew my sentiments and said he would feel like me if he were a Northerner. While we were talking Palmerston, who had nearly all night preserved his sleepy appearance, rose. He was heartily welcomed, and in three minutes settled the matter adversely to the rebels. It was half-past one in the morning; that

old man — now 78 years of age<sup>1</sup> — had been for seven hours and a half listener to the debate, and had heard every word, as all close observers saw, notwithstanding his attitude of sleep, and altho' he tottered when he got up, his brain was clear and he delivered the best speech I ever heard from his lips. Silence was accorded him at first — applause and approval at last. His remarks showed that he had watched every action and heard every sentiment of the speakers, and in quoting them he neither misrepresented them nor attributed to any one sentiments that had been uttered by another. He said mediation meant war, and thought the Gov't could manage the affair without going that far, or wounding the feelings of a sensitive, and struggling people. That speech closed the debate, and altho' Fitzgerald<sup>2</sup> spoke afterwards, his remarks amounted to nothing, and Lindsay withdrew his motion.

As I came away I met Mason alone, looking sullen and dejected. He has a bad face. In a minute he was joined by Gregory, both evidently disappointed, and, putting his arm lovingly round the Irishman's waist, the slave-holder and the Briton stalked off to solace their minds and forget their disappointment in the consolations incident to smoking a cigar.

The papers of to-day acknowledge that McClellan has not capitulated, and approve of the withdrawal of Lindsay's motion.

*Friday, October 17.* Commend me to new-fledged Consuls! This record demonstrates beyond doubt that as a race they are geniuses. But, many as are herein painted, none so far have been preachers. It was reserved for Mr. Lincoln to add a person to the collection from that calling, and he stalked three paces in our fallow to-day in the propria persona of the Rev. B. F. Tefft,<sup>3</sup> United States Consul at Stockholm. With all respect, I must say that humility is not a characteristic of this Consul. He is grey, and good looking, fussy and impudent. I took his letters to Mr. Adams, but as he was very busy preparing his despatches he could not see him. One of the letters was from Vice-President Hamlin saying that Mr. Tefft had permission to make speeches on American politics in England.<sup>4</sup> I thought it was a pity he had not been constituted Minister here in full, with power to manage the press as well as to make speeches. In all decency, when will our officials learn wisdom!

<sup>1</sup> Henry Greville gives a number of instances of Palmerston's energy and endurance in these later years of his life. Disraeli drew Palmerston's character in the "Lord Fanny of diplomacy" in the "Runnymede Letters," and more favorably as Lord Roehampton in *Endymion*.

<sup>2</sup> Otho Augustus Fitzgerald, member for Kildare.

<sup>3</sup> Benjamin Franklin Tefft (1813-1885).

<sup>4</sup> Adams, *Studies, Military and Diplomatic*, 364.

What right had Hamlin to grant such permission to a sixth-rate Consul? I thought the folly of Cassius M. Clay and the other Paris speech-makers, would induce the Gov't to insist upon all such fellows keeping quiet. As Mr. Tefft believes himself to be forty times Mr. Adams' calibre he went away savage of course and with an expression of countenance by no means indicative of either piety or politeness. There was that in him that satisfied me he'll not come again, and that he will abuse the Legation the rest of his natural life. To refuse a Consul an interview on Dispatch day was atrocious! But I say blessed be the Minister who had the courage.<sup>1</sup>

1863

*Saturday, April 25.* Mr. Cobden brought forward a motion last night in the Commons which produced a debate that lasted till midnight. I was present throughout. He attacked the pretended neutrality of England in the war, condemned the shameless violations of the law, both municipal and international, in building pirate ships here and arming them for the rebels, pointed out in forcible language the bad effects of this course, and in a spirit of high statesmanship warned the House of the consequences of the bad precedent the nation seemed disposed to establish in this dishonourable proceeding. His speech had a marked effect and will do a great deal of good. He was followed by Mr. Horsman who made a most insulting speech, which had evidently been carefully prepared, and was intended to irritate the people of the U. S. It was delivered in a flippant manner, was full of sophistry, jeer and false conclusion; and was of course not a little applauded. Still its general effect was bad, for its want of truth and unfairness could not be well overlooked even by our enemies. Offensive and provoking as it was, I kept my temper during its delivery. I have witnessed too many of such painful exhibitions in the British Parliament, to permit myself to be vexed by them. But not so others of my countrymen. The Hon. R. J. Walker,<sup>2</sup> who was present, was much exasperated, and

<sup>1</sup> On November 5, 1862, Guy Fawkes' day. "At about eleven o'clock a crowd of men and boys brought a gigantic Guy in military dress, with a gallows at its side, past the Legation, labelled 'The Brute Butler.' It was vociferously cheered, of course. The fog was thicker than it had been before this season, but not strong enough to hide from sight the hideous figure these London ruffians call General Butler."

January 5, 1863. "I have a letter from Mr. Hunter to-day from the State Department, in which he says that the late attempt on the part of certain republican senators to get Mr. Seward out of the Cabinet originated in Senator Sumner's hostility to that gentleman because he recommended Mr. Adams for the Mission to London, and thus deprived Sumner of it."

<sup>2</sup> Robert John Walker (1801-1869), sent to Europe in 1863 by the government

has been very violent against Horsman all day. He was astonished that any man holding the position of a gentleman could so coolly stand up in any public assembly and give utterance to so many deliberate lies. I told him that as it was a part of an English gentleman's business to lie when it suited him, I was by no means so surprised as he.

It was midnight before the discussion ended, and altho' no vote was taken, the result was extremely good. Mr. Cobden's speech was powerful and spoke to the reason. It will do good and so Mr. Walker thinks. Lord Palmerston staid the debate through and was apparently as fresh at its close as any man there fifty years his junior. Both physically and mentally he is a wonderful old man.

Major Wood, of Massachusetts, before mentioned in this journal, has been here to-day on his return from the South of Europe. His experience with the English on the Continent was unfavorable, and he did not meet with one who expressed, or professed, a generous sentiment towards the United States. This is the universal testimony of my countrymen, and therefore cannot be regarded as other than the truth.

*Saturday, July 4.* [Henry Ward Beecher visited the Legation.] He is a cheerful, witty man, apparently about thirty-five years of age, and has very little of the clergyman in his appearance. I don't know when I have seen one of his cloth who has so little cant and so much hearty manliness. His face is classical, and when animated is beautiful.

*Tuesday, July 14.* Last evening I went down to the Commons and heard Roebuck and Lindsay make statements about their late interview with Louis Napoleon and his alleged promise to recognize the rebels if England would. There was a crowd outside waiting for admission and that impudent scamp Cornell Jewett was running about with as much bustle and effrontery as if he were the great man of the occasion. Roebuck blundered on for a while through a tissue of assertions, slanders, and falsehoods about the U. S. and L. N. that caused a good deal of merriment, and showed that Napoleon had completely fooled him; and concluded by asking for the *discharge* of his motion. He was followed by Lindsay in a long rambling half mad jumble which the House alternately laughed and jeered at. Then Palmerston rose, and while patting the two dupes on the head expressed the hope that the unusual proceeding of Members of the English Commons constituting themselves Envoys to a Foreign Monarch to induce him to prompt legislation

with instructions to acquaint European capitalists with the actual circumstances and resources of the United States. See Hughes, *John Murray Forbes*, II. 43.



in that body, would never be repeated. This sentiment was loudly cheered, and finally Mr. Roebuck got his request and his motion was *discharged*, as the phrase is. The surly little dog was ugly to the last, and yet I think both he and Lindsay felt much mortified at the awkward position in which they had placed themselves by their folly. It turned out well for us, which was the very opposite of what they had designed.

*Monday, October 5.* George Harrington, the Assistant Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, has arrived in London with several important Despatches. He has been at the Legation, but I have not seen him yet. One of the notes he brought is marked Confidential, is dated the 19th of September, and contains the following curious history: It states that Mr. Stuart, Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, had called on Mr. Seward, under instructions from London, and informed him that he was directed to say that orders had been given on the 5th of September, before the reception of Mr. Adams' note of that date, to stop the Iron-clad rams at Laird's shipyard in Liverpool, and that they had accordingly been stopped before the note was delivered at the Foreign Office. This statement was made by Mr. Stuart "to counteract the effect of news to the contrary, which might reach Washington from other quarters" — the "other quarters" being, of course, Mr. Adams. There is no doubt that this was authorised by Lord Palmerston, for Lord Russell was not then in town. On its face it looks very well; but it is not true. On that very 5th of Sept., *at three o'clock in the afternoon*, Mr. Adams received a note from Lord Russell dated on the 4th, in which he says the matter of stopping the rams "is under the serious and anxious consideration of H. M.'s Government." That note must have left the Foreign Office at about half past two, for Mr. Adams' note left the Legation at that hour and arrived at the F. O. at three, precisely the same hour at which Lord Russell's note reached us. Up to that time it is quite clear the "matter was (still) under the serious and anxious consideration of H. M.'s Govt." — but that consideration at once took the form of action on the reception of Mr. Adams' note; and then to make it appear that that action was in no way prompted by Mr. Adams this story was hastily concocted by Lord Palmerston and sent to Mr. Stuart to be communicated to our Government. The object was twofold: 1st to appear to Mr. Lincoln as having acted spontaneously in the business from a sense of justice; and 2dly to be able to say to Parliament when questioned that H. M.'s Gov't had not been "bullied" into stopping the rams by Mr. Adams, but had acted in the premises from its own convictions, regardless of outside pressure. But if this be really so, why did they not send these facts to Mr. Adams,

instead of to Washington? And then, does not the assertion that Mr. Stuart's statement was made "to counteract the effect of news to the contrary, which might reach [Washington] from other quarters," show that the stopping really was prompted by Mr. Adams' note? That announcement was not made to Mr. Adams until Tuesday, the 8 Sept., as will be seen by a note, a copy of which will be found under that date in this journal. It should have been made to him the very day it was sent to Washington.

*Wednesday, November 4.* The *Alexandra* Case came up for re-argument for a new trial yesterday, and the Chief Baron, Pollock, amazed everybody by flatly saying that he did not say to the jury what he was alleged to have said, and that their verdict was not the result of his charge, but was based solely on the evidence.<sup>1</sup> This has dumbfounded all who heard him — lawyers, reporters and spectators. That two hundred people should have misunderstood a judge's charge, and that that misunderstanding, which was commented on far and wide at the time by the press and society, should go uncontradicted for nearly five months, and now be denied flatly by the judge, is marvellous. This is another specimen of the honesty of the English Courts in matters between us and the rebels. This old man is lying in order to get free of the just charge of partisanship on the bench. If a new trial is to be granted it will not be on the ground of misdirection by the judge, but on some other plea. In fact the judge refuses to allow even a re-argument on that ground. And yet everybody, friend and foe, who heard the trial, says his charge and it alone, produced the verdict.

1864

*Wednesday, February 10.* Dr. Thomas Airey, a short thick set Englishman, heavy with vulgar jewelry, who has two or more Diplomas from American Herbalist Medical Colleges, and has declared his intention to become a citizen, has been here this morning to obtain Mr. Adams' assistance in compelling the Medical Registrars of England to register him as a practitioner. He was here in Mr. Dallas's time on the same errand, and was not a little astonished to see me. I explained that we could not interfere to prevent the operation of English law. But he plead that he was a citizen, and on that ground Mr. Adams must interfere. I told him he could not, that he was not a citizen, but had only declared his intention to become one, and if he were the Minister could not aid him. He then told me that the Judge who naturalized him said he was a citizen, and that was why he had come to us. This is another of the

<sup>1</sup> See Brooks Adams, in *Proceedings*, XLV. 305.

impositions constantly practiced at home by those who administer our naturalization laws. Dr. Airey believes he took the oath of citizenship, and has never before had it explained to him that the proceeding was only preliminary and not final. It appears he went to the U. S. last summer for the express purpose of getting this document in the belief that it would in some way enable him to get a registration here. That delusion was however dispelled to-day. While in the U. S. a Herbal College in Philadelphia, gave him a gold medal for his skill. He let me see it, and I soon perceived that it was a \$20. gold piece with the stamp erased on one side and an inscription laudatory of him substituted. He is located at Bristol, tells an odd story as to the reason why the Registrar refuses him registration, and says he is liable to be tried for manslaughter, in case he has a death. He went away dissatisfied and means evidently to return.

A tall slender German by the name of Otto Hoepfner came to see me to-day, and brought with him a letter of introduction from Trübner. He came to Europe under an arrangement with a Dr. Schmole of Philadelphia, to procure 6000 troops for the State of New Jersey, and having interested a Col. Addison in the scheme came to get me to endorse the project. Schmole has failed to carry out his promises. I respectfully declined all participation in the affair, and said that while I would be glad to see Col. Addison as a gentleman, I would not put him to the trouble of coming up about this business. This is a specimen of the many schemes to get the Legation's endorsement to plans for enlisting men in Europe.

*Thursday*, February 11. This year's batch of our Diplomatic Correspondence has been published by Mr. Seward and that Solomon has in so doing exercised his usual indiscretion. Among the papers it contains is Despatch No. 651, to Mr. Adams,<sup>1</sup> threatening to follow the British pirates of the rebels into British ports and destroy them there; and this has caused the British Lion to growl amazingly. The Tories make a great deal ado about it, and its publication has caused much ill blood. This is to be regretted. For the despatch never was communicated to Earl Russell and to print it now is a mere act of wantonness. But Mr. Seward has the cacethes scribendi in a violent form and loves to see himself in print.

*Friday*, April 22.<sup>2</sup> I was up at seven o'clock this morning, and went

<sup>1</sup> Dated July 11, 1863. It is in *Diplomatic Correspondence*, 1863, I. 308.

<sup>2</sup> Greville states that the Duke of Sutherland had invited Garibaldi to come to England that he might consult English surgeons for his wounds. *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville*, 4th Series, 193. Some interesting comments on the reception given to the Italian may be seen in the same compilation. Greville was then in Paris, but returned to London in season to feel the excitement.

at once to Mr. Morse's. As I was going over I saw Mr. Adams drive up in a hansom cab and stop at Kensington Gate and walk to Morse's house. I arrived before him, and at Mr. Morse's request went to Mr. Seeley's in a carriage to bring the General. The house was crowded with delegations, admirers, artists, and sightseers. Two artists were painting his portrait and one modelling his bust. I found him in the Drawing Room on the first floor, but in consequence of his being surrounded by so many, had to wait. The company was not choice, for I saw among the crowd two girls from the London Stereoscopic Company's place in Regent St. He knew he had an engagement at eight, and altho' pressed by delegations and bores, received them all civilly and got rid of them without offence in a very short time. I was struck with his prompt manner, and with the appropriateness of his replies on receiving addresses. In a few minutes he took my arm and I conducted him to the carriage — an open one belonging to Mr. Seeley, which he preferred to mine. He wore a small ash colored wide-awake hat, the red Garibaldi shirt now so famous, and a slight mouse colored sort of cloak, that had a picturesque effect. He was somewhat lame and walked with a cane. He is a lithe well made man about five feet eight inches high, has a fine head, indeed so like Washington's that the likeness is wonderful, and keen blue eyes. As we rode off the crowd cheered and we were followed by them for some distance. I was amused to see the delight of the servant girls. One good looking one waved her dust pan and brush over her head and shouted "Garibaldi" like a trooper.

On arriving at Mr. Morse's house, which we reached by way of [blank] he was received by that gentleman at the door and conducted to the Drawing Rooms. He was cheerful and talkative, and entirely free from restraint. By half past eight we went down stairs to breakfast. He sat at Mrs. Morse's right, who was at the head of the table, and Mr. Adams sat at her left. The company consisted of Mr. Adams, Mr. Wilson,<sup>1</sup> Garibaldi, Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., Mrs. Forster, Mr. Morse, Mrs. Morse, Miss Morse, Mr. Rossini, myself, Cyrus W. Field, Wm. M. Evarts, J. S. Morgan, and some others whose names I don't recall. Mr. Evarts and I sat near the General. He ate but little, mostly light food and drank coffee. He was entirely free from restraint, and Mr. Forster told me he was more natural than he had before seen him, a fact he attributed to our being Americans. He said Sanford<sup>2</sup> had asked him to go to America and take the rank of Brigadier General, while

<sup>1</sup> Charles L. Wilson.

<sup>2</sup> Henry S. Sanford, United States minister to Belgium.

Geo. Sanders had solicited his services for the South. He would go at once, if he thought his services were needed; but they were not. He considered himself an American citizen and would fight for the Union; but he was opposed to the South and told Sanders so. As to General Grant, he was a great soldier and a great general. It did not become clear to me that he was really an U. S. citizen. He had simply declared his intention to become one but had never completed that purpose. He laughed a good deal about Sanders and told us of a remarkable dinner given by that person in London in 1854, that he attended. I told him I remembered it. This pleased him and he named the persons present, remarking that General Sickles, Orsini, Mr. Buchanan, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Herten were of them. He spoke English very well. By half past nine, we left the table and a great many visitors who had assembled while we were at breakfast, were admitted. Some of these made set speeches at him. An old woman talked about Washington and Tell, and delivered a short oration. C. F. Dennet presented him with the lives of a "Hundred Orators of Boston,"<sup>1</sup> — the most cruel thing of the day, and I thought the book fell into the General's hands like lead; while a pretty child of four years of age, a little fairy, one Miss McMasters, gave him a basket of flowers, and their sweetness soon swept away the hard-heartedness of the Boston Orator business. His autograph was in demand, and having no paper, I emptied my card case, and he wrote his name on about fifty of my cards, all of which I gave away. There must have been 150 ladies and gentlemen present and all were pleased. At about fifteen past ten he signified his intention to leave. I conducted him to the carriage, but had great difficulty in getting him to it through the crowd. The women were the most eager to shake his hand, and one cried, "O Garibaldi, do, do shake hands with me." This he did. Others crowded up to the carriage and were crushing a child against it, which he saw, and said, "Go way, go way. I'll shake hands with no one till that child is out of harm's way," and he kept his word. This incident I put down as characteristic of the man. We soon drove off saluted by cheers, and returned to Mr. Seeley's, Prince's Gate, where I parted with him. He said on the way back that he would have been chagrined had he not met the Americans in London, and that the breakfast at Mr. Morse's was one of the pleasantest incidents of his visit here. Of course he hoped we would meet again, to which I said, "Yes! General, in Rome." He shook my hand warmly and smiled. Wilson and I drove back to the Legation in Mr. Morse's brougham, and just as

<sup>1</sup> Loring, *The Hundred Boston Orators*.

we arrived, Mr. Adams came up in a cab! His carriage did not get over in time. But he should have gone in it, and then there would have been no slips.

*Friday, September, 30.* I last night dined at the Mansion House by invitation of the Right Honorable Wm. Lawrence, Lord Mayor of London. The hour was half past six. I drove along the streets of London from Westbourne Grove to the heart of the Great City just as twilight was thickening into night, and Holborn, Snow Hill, Newgate St., Cheapside and the Poultry were robed in a dusky haze between day and lamplight long e'er I reached my destination. That admirable order which always governs street traffic on such occasions in London was made visible near Bow Church, and I drove rapidly along thence without interruption to the Mansion House. The entrance was at the great front, where a number of trim policemen were assembled in their new tunics and useful uniforms. It being my first visit there I was curious about almost everything. On reaching the grand entrance hall I found a large crowd of apparently well-to-do and "greasy citizens," with joyous expressions, evidently ready for dinner. The scene was what poor Hawthorne so graphically describes;<sup>1</sup> and I am confident my overcoat and hat were taken charge of by the same servants, in powdered wigs and the uniforms of American Revolutionary Generals, who relieved him of the like incumbrances. A wide door was standing open showing a crowd in an adjoining apartment, at the extreme end of which in front of some wooden and gilded Corinthian columns stood a rather short gentleman, of middle age, in official robes, with a great gold chain like the cable of a 74 around his neck. At his side was a pleasing lady, and near him several officials in costume, one of whom, called the Mace-bearer, I believe, looked to me amazingly like that portrait of Franklin which we sometimes see, in which the old philosopher wears a peculiar fur cap and robe. A servant announced my name, and I made my bow to his Lordship. A finer or more manly face one seldom sees. It is intelligent, cheerful and, if not handsome, is so near it that one would be puzzled to find it in his conscience to say it was not. I was presented to the Lady Mayoress, and after some common place remarks drifted off as the visitors approached to pay their respects. They came in twos and threes, rarely singly, and were mostly in full evening costume, a few wearing black instead of white cravats. There was a sprinkling of civic and military uniforms only, civil black being the rule. The appearance of the people was common, and nearly all I heard talk

<sup>1</sup> *Our Old Home*, "Civic Banquets." Also cf. Thackeray's "A Dinner in the City" in his *Sketches and Travels in London*.

smelt of the shop. My friend John G. Elsey, the chief discount officer of the Bank of England, came in and soon had a crowd round him. I heard one whisper to another, "You must know him, he's the great man in the Bank of England," and then, without permission introduce him. He made some remarks about Mr. Elsey being the great authority at the Bank on commercial paper. "But," said Elsey, "I never touch yours." As we drifted away in the crowd, he remarked that he thought he had given that fellow a good shot between the ribs, and I agreed with him.

I found that the wooden columns supported a sort of gallery, and that under that was a door leading into a great hall beyond. Elsey said I had better look out my place, but not knowing what he meant exactly, I asked for information. I had observed a number of rather sharp old men disappearing and reappearing through that door, but could not make out what they were doing. They did not seem to be servants. The thought struck me that they were looking for their places, and I went to see. Sure enough, I was right, and by a little searching I found I was to be planted between two sheriffs and their ladies. The room was very lofty, with rows of pure Corinthian columns on either side, and had a concave, carved and gilded roof. There were acres of tables and dishes, but things were mostly of a rather cheap cast. I noticed some fine English modern statuary in niches under the colonnades of columns, but no pictures. On returning to the hall, which is also gilded and carved, there was a movement for dinner. A band thundered forth its music, and a wild trumpet screamed out a warning that the company, headed by the Lord Mayor, were going to dine. We got in comfortably, and I soon found myself at table with a stout jolly lady at my right and an equally burly gentleman at my left. The lady was pleasant and so the gentleman. Being at the side table I had a very good view, but was too much on a line with the Lord Mayor to see much of his Lordship's doing. When the company had found their places, and the trumpet had ceased braying, silence became general, and was only broken by a blessing asked by the Lord Mayor's Chaplain, for these stout English maintain all such state, and carry their chaplains with them even to their feasts. When we got fairly seated, the scene was very fine, for there were nearly three hundred guests present, not a few of whom were ladies, and their dresses broke the monotony produced by black coats on such occasions where all are males. In a little while the feast began, and the famous Turtle Soup came round. It was excellent, but I had a wholesome fear of too much of it. My Aldermanic friend at my left was not bashful, and sustained the character of his class by disposing of two large plates of it. His better half at his left, better half in more senses

than one, for she was much better looking to begin with, and about four times his size, and he was no shrimp, for she must occupy a large share of God's footstool when she sits down, was not a whit behind him in her admiration of the savory and fragrant fluid. And so I noticed with others. Two or three M.P.'s near me likewise did justice to the famous dish, and enjoyed it with aldermanic gusto. The feast went off well, and while waiting for the Loving Cup, I looked round at the company. Honestly, much cannot be said for either the refinement, or intelligent appearance of the men, and Hawthorne's description of the ladies he saw there is so applicable to those I met that I adopt it. There was a general air of vulgarity, and forced dignity. One gentleman opposite me forgot himself early in the evening and was drunk before ten o'clock. He was a red faced, sandy haired man, whom people called Mr. Under Sheriff, but I thought it would have been more appropriate to call him "under the table." Near him sat one of the prettiest women I ever saw. She had the head of an angel, and so like Power's Proserpina that she might have served for the model. We all admired, an old M.P. being rather extravagant in his admiration. She soon saw through the cause of our attention, and bore our silent admiration with that playful prudery that her sex have a right to indulge in when they know they are pretty. There was a gentleman at her side who was doubtless her brother, for altho' ugly, he resembled her; and it does sometimes happen that an ugly person resembles a pretty one.

The ceremony of speechmaking began by the Toast Master, who is an institution, and a great bore at English public dinners, proclaiming aloud a long list of names of those present to whom, et cetera, the Right Hon: the Lord Mayor was about to send the Loving Cup. I heard my own name among these, and presumed that I was to drink with the honored guests. I observed that five or six cups, of various shapes and sizes, were in circulation. The great one, the Lord Mayor's, came however to me. The ceremony is simple and has often been described. You lift the lid of the cup, which in this case was a finely embossed old silver one, for your neighbor at your left, facing him the while and standing. He bows, wishes you good health, drinks deeply or not, as he pleases, wipes the rim with his napkin, and passes the cup to you. You turn to your right hand neighbor, and go through the same ceremony. The beverage had a spicy taste, of the far Indian isles, and was as nice a drink as it ever was my lot to enjoy.

The speeches were usually dull and one or two were insulting to Americans. The Lord Mayor spoke wonderfully well, and made the best speeches of the evening. Being fearful that I might be called



upon for some remarks, I came away early, glad of the visit and its results.

I noticed that the Room in which we dined was called the Egyptian Hall, but why, was unable to learn. Surely not from its architecture, for that is most decided Corinthian.<sup>1</sup> I got home at half-past eleven. . . .

I should have mentioned above that the dinner was given in honor of the Lord Mayor elect, Alderman and Sheriff Hale, a man about 70 years of age, from appearances. My costume was the ordinary evening dress.

*Monday, November 7.* At about four o'clock on Saturday, I left London from the Waterloo Station, and went to Midhurst, Sussex, to visit Richard Cobden, Esqr. The ride was rather dull, but I was met at the station by a very gentlemanly young man by the name of Fisher and we drove through the old town, and then by a circuitous road to Dunford House, Mr. Cobden's residence. It lies in a valley, has a fine lawn to the East, is near the South Downs, which loom up rather boldly, and is pretty much surrounded by firs, larch and other English evergreen trees. I was cheerfully and cordially welcomed, and was introduced to Mrs. Cobden,<sup>2</sup> and her eldest daughter, a slender and pretty girl, with a most sweet and expressive face. The warm fire in the fine Drawing Room was welcome after my cold ride. A few minutes more, and we were at dinner, where there were three little girls, all very ladylike, and pleasing, but not pretty. Mr. Cobden and I talked till nearly twelve o'clock, and I was struck with his great sagacity and clear-sightedness. I have never met an Englishman who knows so much of the U. S., or of his own country.

My bedroom was large and comfortable, the bed one of the nicest and cleanest I ever occupied, and the furniture. We breakfasted at nine on Sunday morning, and at about half past ten I went with Mrs. Cobden and three of the little girls to church at Heyshot, a mere hamlet about a mile and a quarter distant, under the frown of the dun and lofty South Downs. The rustics were a primitive set, and the church small cold and cheerless. The clergyman was a harsh featured man, but he read with a tolerable emphasis, and preached a very respectable sermon. I noticed the name of Cobden on one of the tombstones. It is an old Saxon and Sussex, but not a common name. Dunford House belonged to Mr. Cobden's father and it was purchased by [for] Mr. Cobden by his friends of the Anti-Corn Law League.

<sup>1</sup> It is said to be a reproduction of the hall described under that name by Vitruvius.

<sup>2</sup> Cobden married, in 1840, Miss Catherine Anne Williams.

After luncheon, Mr. Cobden and I took a long walk around the country and through woods and over downs. It was one of the most pleasant rambles I ever had, and he talked like a sage. He thought we must succeed, the Union must be restored, slavery be extinguished, and then common schools would spread over the land. We talked of Burke, of Pitt, of Fox, who was once a Member for Midhurst; and then of the great landowners in the neighborhood, the Duke of Richmond, and Lords Egmont and Laconfield. While we rambled over the lands of the second, two game keepers came and warned us against allowing our dogs, two little Scotch terriers, from going into the copse, as there were traps there in which they would get their legs broke! This is freedom. I told Mr. Cobden that the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals should get hold of Egmont. "But," said he, "that won't do, he's a Lord!" On our homeward way we met a number of the peasantry, a harmless class indeed. Their condition led us to conversing about them, about landowners, and about the clergy. To the worth of this last class he bore willing and hearty testimony. He said they were the friends of the poor, gave to them liberally from their salaries, attended them in sickness, and advised them in trouble. They do their duty well, and are a different class to what they were forty years go. And this particularly relates to those of the High Church party. The walk was delightful, and this was the kind of running talk we had all the time.

Our dinner was pleasant, we talked till twelve, I bade him good bye, got up early this morning, took breakfast at half past six, drove to the train, and got to London soon after ten.

My visit was a treat, and I have reason to remember it. Mr. Cobden has a family of fine girls; and I find that young Mr. Fisher<sup>1</sup> is engaged to be married to the eldest. . . .

Mr. Cobden says Thurlow Weed is an old fox and made everybody believe he was on their side.

1865

*Tuesday, March 14.* Last evening I took Mr. C. A. Washburn,<sup>2</sup> our Minister to Paraguay, down to the House of Lords in the hope of hearing a debate there. As their Lordships were not in session, and Mr. Washburn wanted to see Mr. Bright I took him to the Commons and sent my card in to that gentleman. He came out and took

<sup>1</sup> T. Fisher-Unwin, the publisher.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Ames Washburn (1822-1889), a brother of Elihu Benjamin Washburne.

us on to the floor of the House. The debate was on the Canadian fortifications and Seymour Fitzgerald<sup>1</sup> was speaking. It was quite apparent to me that the real object was to obtain a revelation from the Ministry of the actual relations existing between the U. S. and Great Britain; and that Fitzgerald's speech was simply a tory attack on the Government. From the beginning I saw the debate would end in our favor, for there is always something indicative of the true temper of the House in the manner in which they receive speeches for or against us. Fitzgerald certainly spoke like a gentleman. His manner was conciliatory and his tone complimentary; and he made the fatal admission that our claims for damages on account of the pirates were just. Mr. W. E. Forster followed and made a speech that amounted to eloquence. I did n't think it was in him; and he delivered the best speech I ever heard from him. Mr. Cardwell spoke well and dissipated all fear of war by showing that *we* were friendly; and then Mess. Lowe, D'Israeli, Bright and Ld. Palmerston wound up the debate. The marked feature was the tone of respect towards the U. S., Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward. This was in wonderful contrast to the jeers, the sneers and the disrespect common in that House on all occasions when these names were mentioned two and three years ago. The debate will do immense good and crush the war feeling that the *Times* had so malignantly fanned up in Europe by its falsehoods. Throughout it compliments flew about the room to Mr. Adams like flights of arrows. The air was thick with them. And when I told him of it this morning he was perceptibly affected.

Altogether it was the best debate I ever heard in the Commons. The men who engaged in it rose to the dignity of statesmen, and fairly and manfully met the points at issue. They were equal to the occasion, and for once elevated the House of Commons from a "Club of private gentlemen" to a Legislative Assembly.

*Wednesday, April 26.* At about half past twelve to-day, when the Rev. Dr. Bliss and others were here, Mr. Horatio Ward came in with the news that telegrams had been received in London announcing the assassination of President Lincoln and the attempt to take the life of Mr. Seward. I was horror struck and at once went up with Mr. Ward to announce the intelligence to Mr. Adams. He turned as pale as death, and gave vent to feelings of indignation. A number of persons, among them H. T. Parker, and the Sec'y of J. G. Elsey of the Bank of England, came to learn if it were true. We had received no official information, but had no doubt of the

<sup>1</sup> William Robert Seymour Fitzgerald, the member for Horsham Borough, Sussex.

fact. About one o'clock we received an official telegram from Mr. Secretary Stanton, giving full particulars, and saying that Mr. Seward had at the same time, about ten and a half o'clock on 14 April, been attacked by an assassin in his bed, that his sons Fred'k and Major Seward had been dangerously stabbed, and a male servant killed, but Mr. Seward himself was living. It was announced that Mr. Lincoln had been shot from behind in his private box in the Theatre at Washington, and had died on the 15th or the next morning at 7.30, or thereabouts. Mr. Adams was directed to communicate this at once to the other American Ministers in Europe. W. E. Forster came in when the telegram arrived and burst into tears. I took it off at once and telegraphed to all our Ministers but those at Berne, Turin and Constantinople, and took the original telegram from Mr. Stanton to the *Globe* for immediate publication. Hooper was amazed and indignant. When I got back that arch scoundrel Fernando Wood was here. He wanted to hold a public meeting of Americans. I could hardly be civil to the rogue, and Mr. Adams would not see him. . . . Further news came up from the City. I was told that some influential people there secretly exulted over the event as a triumph of the rebels. Our stocks fell and one notorious dealer in rebel bonds, a stock broker by the name of Gowen, whose failure took place last night, was said to have been ruined by the news. We soon had telegrams here from our Ministers and Consuls to know if it were true, and the Austrian, Haytian, Portuguese, Spanish and Belgian representatives called to offer congratulations [condolence]. Extras of *The Times* sold for 5/. each. While I was out, a number of persons came; but that poor fool Alward,<sup>1</sup> could not remember them. Professor Rogers of Glasgow, and Miss Edwards of the Hotel, as well as T. B. Potter, R. C. Fisher, and Dr. Ballard were among the early visitors. Mr. McHenry, Mr. Morse, and Mr. John Goddard were here. The sympathy has been general but there has also been much secret exultation among our enemies. Mr. Adams was as much moved as his selfish nature would permit. But he told me Mr. Lincoln had died at the proper time for his fame. If he had been in his place, he would not have desired anything better.

About two o'clock, that scamp Fernando Wood came up and wanted to get up a public meeting of Americans. Mr. Adams would not see him, and I gave him no encouragement. I thought, but did not say, that his conduct was impudent and that the initiative should be taken by resident Americans here. The fellow has a bad face and looks the rogue. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Second Secretary of Legation, and much disliked by Moran.

*Thursday*, April 27. I dined yesterday at McHenry's and met with many expressions of sympathy on the death of Mr. Lincoln. I got here at 8:30 this morning, and have been crowded to death almost with visitors. The list so far is as follows: Benj'n Fitch, (an old gentleman who cried like a child), Judge Winter, Rev. Dr. Cleveland, Rev. Dr. Bliss, H. T. Parker, Horatio Ward, Dr. J. R. Black, R. C. Fisher, Rev. Crammond Kennedy, J. S. Morgan, Russell Sturgis, T. Walker, Ld. Houghton, J. B. Smith, R. Hunting, T. B. Potter, McCulloch Torrens, Elihu Burritt, Earl Russell, Dr. Ballard, Astor Johnson, Sewell Warner, J. Pereira d'Andrada, and C. M. Fisher. The majority of these came about a notice of a public meeting signed Fernando Wood, and were indignant that he should have had the impudence to move in the matter. . . . To-day Dr. Black, Mr. Sturgis and Mr. Morgan came to know what was to be done. At first Mr. Adams refused all participation, but on a note from Sturgis and Morgan consented to preside at a meeting on next Monday. So soon as this was arranged, Dr. Black went off to the Grosvenor Hotel, where a large meeting had been convened by Wood, and by management snuffed that worthy out. I am told that he afterwards said I and Alward had advised him to call the meeting. This, so far as I am concerned, is untrue. I don't know however that he has been reported correctly. But the meeting terminated against him and one will be held under other auspices on Monday.

Lord Russell called and expressed to Mr. Adams as much sympathy as he was capable of. He said no such excitement had ever before prevailed in England.

Mr. Potter was here with the Address. It was gotten up by him and commits the House of Commons to sympathy with the U. S.

All the Englishmen who have called here have been deeply affected, and many wept. The sorrow of such gentlemen as John Benjamin Smith, T. B. Potter, Lord Houghton, and Mr. Thomas Walker is genuine.

The Prince de Joinville and the Duke of Argyll have just been here. I met them just now in the Hall. Both shook hands with me, and expressed their horror at the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. Among the other visitors have been the Earl of Derby, Lord Clarendon and the Attorney General.

It is twelve years to-day since I left home.

*Friday*, April 28. Last evening I called at Warrington's and ordered some mo[u]rning replies in Mr. Adams' name to be sent to persons who have called to condole on the murder of Mr. Lincoln, and then went to the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone was

speaking on the Budget. Sir Geo. Grey had just given notice that on Monday Lord Palmerston would in that House move an Address to the Queen on the assassination of Mr. Lincoln; and Earl Russell gave a similar notice in the House of Lords that he should move an address on the same subject in that body.

I did not stay long and got home early.

This has been a frightfully busy day and we have had crowds of titled and other sympathisers here. But I have been too much occupied to get their names.

Mr. Adams was very indignant that Dr. Black should have said yesterday that he had been sent from the Embassy by him to advise the postponement of Mr. Fernando Wood's meeting. This he very properly denies. But he at the same time says, he don't want to be made to appear as having treated Mr. Wood unkindly. . . . Wood in a speech said I advised him to call the meeting, but this is false. I had no advice to give him and he wanted none from me.

Among the many letters Mr. Adams received is one from a fellow calling himself an Englishman, inclosing some doggerel verses exulting over the murder of Mr. Lincoln. But this is exceptional. Mason, however, has written a letter justifying the crime. He will be well roasted for this. Louis Blanc and several leading Germans have sent address[es] of denunciation and laying the crime at the doors of the South.

*Saturday*, April 29. After working at home until one o'clock, I got here at nine this morning and had crowds of visitors until nearly quarter past two, when I went to the City, and met Messrs. Morgan, Morse, Black, Sturgis, and Bergh as a Committee on Resolutions at the coming meeting. But little was done, the duty of preparing the resolutions having fallen upon me and Mr. Morse.

We received news of the fall of Mobile this morning and the probable recovery of Mr. Seward and his son.

The following has been sent anonymously to Mr. Adams and Mr. Morse:

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S DESCENT INTO HELL.

As the famed Abe Lincoln to Hell was descending  
The devils stopped brawling, and left off contending.  
Old Lucifer ran his dear Abe to meet,  
And thus the rail-splitter the arch devil did greet,  
"My Dear Abe Lincoln, I'm glad beyond measure,  
This visit unlooked for, gives infinite pleasure,  
And pray, My dear Abe, how go things Down East,  
And tell me what now are the prospects of peace  
Now you're down, down, down, down, derry down?"

AN ENGLISHMAN.

*Sunday*, April 30. Last evening I went to the great meeting of the London Emancipation Society at St. James Hall on the assassination of President Lincoln. In all my London experience I never saw so much enthusiasm or heard so many good speeches. The feeling of profound and heartfelt sympathy was deep and unmistakeable. Mr. Wm. Evans presided and presided well. Mr. W. E. Forster made a calm, statesmanlike speech, and so did young Lyulph Stanley. The room was draped in black and three United States flags were gracefully entwined in crape at the east end of the room. The floor, the balcony, the galleries, and the platform of the great hall were literally packed with ladies and gentlemen and the sea of upturned faces showed a greater number of fine heads than I ever before saw in any assembly of the same size. It was an intelligent audience. And the warmth of the applause, the earnest detestation of the murder, and the condemnation of slavery made me inwardly vow that hereafter I would think better of the feelings entertained towards us by Englishmen than ever before. And that if ever any chance of quarrel should occur between the two countries, and I should hear an uninformed countryman of mine denouncing honestly but mistakenly, the spirit of England towards us, the recollection of what I saw then would nerve me to declare that we had friends in England in our day of sorrow, whose noble sympathy, should make us pause, and the remembrance of whose kindly words and manly grief at the assassination of our great and good President, should never be forgotten, but should prompt us to stifle the voice of discord and forgive injuries. In this I am sure I am right. The loud bursts of applause at the mention of Mr. Lincoln's greatness, and indignation at his murder, were intense and without a parallel in my experience. There were some thoroughly democratic speeches made, and expression given to many injudicious sentiments against the British aristocracy, which I fear may be turned against us. But I hope not. It is such follies that damage the best cause, and I have always observed that British democrats instead of relying on the merits of their cause, run away with themselves by abusing the nobility.

Mr. Morse, McHenry and I were present and came away thoroughly pleased.

On my return home last evening I found a note inclosing a printed circular to the following effect:

## ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

To H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, to Some Members of the House of Lords, to the Majority of the House of Commons, to the Hon'ble Mr. Adams and other Americans resident in London, to the Lord Mayor and Courts of Aldermen and Common Council of the City of London, to Members of the Bar, the Press, and the Bench of Bishops, and to the English people generally.

Your Royal Highness, My Lords, Gentlemen, and Fellow Countrymen. You have been struck almost dumb by this atrocious deed.

But, remember: On that very day twelve-months, you were vieing with each other how most to honor Garibaldi; himself a notorious cut-throat, and the sworn friend of Mazzini, the Apostle of Assassination. Be not surprised, then, at an action in exact accordance with your own conduct, and reflect that this may be but the beginning of similar atrocities which may plunge Europe into War. Though Orsini is dead, Mazzini still flourishes. I am, Your obedient Servant,

COMMON SENSE.

This morning I went to Mr. Morse's house, 8 Hanover St., Hanover Square, and he drew up the Resolutions for the meeting to be held to-morrow. We then went to the Legation at three o'clock where we met Russell Sturgis,<sup>1</sup> J. S. Morgan,<sup>2</sup> C. M. Lampson,<sup>3</sup> Dr. Black, Dr. Ballard and Mr. R. Hunting, and submitted the Resolutions. Mr. Adams made some objections and alterations, and I did not get away until half past five o'clock.

*Monday, May 1.* This has, as usual, been a trying day. We received official notice of Mr. Lincoln's death, and I drew up a letter to Lord Russell announcing the assassination, which Mr. Adams signed. We also received a Circular directing us to wear crape on the left arm for six months and at once complied with the regulation.

During the morning I had visits from Charles H. Coutoit, of New York, Mr. Marshall Woods, an old acquaintance, and quite a number of other persons. At three o'clock we went to St. James' Hall to a meeting of Americans to pass Resolutions on the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. The same drapery that adorned the Hall on Saturday remained. The attendance was very large and the proceedings passed off much better than I expected, although I must say that the speeches as a rule were mainly composed of fustian. There were about 1500 present, and we got through harmoniously a few minutes before five o'clock.

<sup>1</sup> (1805-1887). See *N. E. Hist. Gen. Soc. Memorial Biographies*, VIII. 317.

<sup>2</sup> Junius Spencer Morgan (1813-1890).

<sup>3</sup> Sir Curtis Miranda Lampson, bart. (1806-1885), an American by birth, who became a naturalized British subject in 1849, and was knighted for his activity in laying the Atlantic cable. His only daughter, Hannah Jane, married the poet and Shakespearean collector, Frederick Locker, who assumed the name of Lampson.



Immediately after I drove to the House of Commons and heard Mr. D'Israeli second the Address of Condolence to the Crown on the Assassination of Mr. Lincoln. I regretted not being there earlier to hear Sir George G[r]ey. But Mr. D'Israeli spoke with great sincerity, condemned in unmeasured terms the great Crime, and expressed deep sympathy with the President and people of the United States. There was a large attendance of Members, and crowds of people waiting outside to get in. I never saw so many people waiting outside on any previous occasion. And every word I heard spoken in the Commons was in favor and in praise of the self-made American, whose honesty raised him so high, and who was so much abused in that very house a few years ago. The resolution was passed unanimously and every body seemed honestly impressed with the enormity of the murder, and with the worth of Mr. Lincoln.

As the matter was ended there I went to the House of Lords. Earl Russell was speaking. The House was very much crowded, the Duke of Cambridge being among the Peers, and there were twelve or fourteen bishops. Every word about Mr. Lincoln was kindly. And as an American I felt proud of the self-made Illinois lawyer, who by his honesty, his singlemindedness, and his love of freedom, had extorted words of admiration from the two greatest deliberative assemblies in the world. Yes, that crowded House of English Lords — the proudest nobles in the world — pressed forward to hear the respective chiefs of their parties speak words of praise of Abraham Lincoln, and like the Commons, passed unanimously an Address to the Throne on his assassination. Lord Derby did not grudge an honest tribute to the great man, rail-splitter as he had been, but he showed a small mind in his remarks; but every word uttered about him was of respect. I came away, impressed with the fact that honest worth, however humble its origin, could extort encomiums from the haughtiest Aristocracy in the world.

There were a great many young lordlings on the steps of the Throne, and one of them said, when Lord Russell was speaking, that he was sticking the Address into the American's Eagle's beak.

I went then to Fenton's, where I dined with McHenry, Dr. Wilson and Mr. Goddard. We then drove to Little Marie Wilton's Prince of Wales' Theatre and saw a very amusing burlesque on *Somnambula*.

This day we put on crape and black, and began to use black bordered paper for Despatches and notes of all kinds.

*Saturday*, May 6. About four o'clock Mr. Adams came for me mysteriously and asked me up stairs. On reaching his room, I

found Mr. E. Hammond<sup>1</sup> of the Foreign Office there. Mr. Adams asked me to get some Foreign Office despatch paper, which I did, and then wrote a note to Lord Russell saying Mr. Adams had reason to believe that J. Wilkes Booth,<sup>2</sup> the assassin of Mr. Lincoln, was in this country and asking a warrant for his arrest, with a view to his extradition. This Mr. Adams signed and I handed it to Mr. Hammond. It then came out that H. M.'s Gov't have found out that a person strongly resembling Wilkes Booth arrived in London on Tuesday night and went to his brother's house in Clerkenwell, where he now is being watched by detectives. There is great secrecy about the whole thing and, if Booth is not at his brother's, some rascality is going on there. A large number of detectives are watching, and an arrest will no doubt be made. Mr. Adams has written home for depositions.

This action of the British Government is very honorable, and shows how thoroughly in earnest they are in their sympathy with us in this calamity. It appears the de[te]ctive who was sent here yesterday, is a Government officer.

In the course of the interview Mr. Hammond said they kept their secrets well in the F. O., by allowing everybody to know them, and by trusting to *honor*. Mr. Adams thought the plan wrong and so do I, and that it is not safe as frequent revelations of late show. But Mr. Hammond was not shaken. He said he left every secret behind him when he left his office, and I approved that as from my own practice the best course one could adopt.

He went away to get the warrant with a determination to arrest the man.

About forty addresses were received to-day.

*Thursday, July 20.* When General Pruyn was here the other day he said he met George Jones of the *N. Y. Times* in Paris, who had just arrived from the U. S. Before he left the proprietor<sup>3</sup> of the *Charleston Mercury* or *Courrier* had arrived and wanted a new set of printing materials. He was frank and jocular, said he was whipped, they were whipped, and Sambo was free; stated, that whereas he had a good printing office at the beginning of the war and the most profitable journal in South Carolina, he now had no office and only the title of his publication. Knowing the North he had come for

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Edmund, Lord Hammond (1802-1890). See p. 489, *infra*.

<sup>2</sup> Booth had visited the Legation, June 6, 1862: "We had a son of Booth, the actor, here this morning, who looked so like a Catholic clergyman that I thought he was one. He is a gentlemanly fellow, good looking, and yet very unlike his brother, Edwin."

<sup>3</sup> Robert Barnwell Rhett, Jr., a brother, and Roswell T. Logan, were the conductors of the *Charleston Mercury* during and after the war. The paper was discontinued in November, 1868. Hudson, *History of Journalism*, 407.

credit. He had only money enough to pay his board a few days, and wanted to know where he could get paper, types, a printing press, cases, etc. on time. Jones said they would see about it, took him out for a glass of brandy, talked the matter over, and in three hours arranged for all that was needed. The next day the heavy articles were put up and sent to the steamer for Charleston. This is the way the North forgives and the South comes back to the Union. The Charlestonian professes to be Union in future, but at the same time he says he was an out and out Secesh. at first.

*Saturday, August 12.* The death of Joseph Parkes<sup>1</sup> is announced in this morning's *Times*. This is unexpected to me, as I had not the faintest idea of his being ill. Mr. Parkes was an English politician, who carried water on both shoulders in our war, and while professing friendship for us to Mr. Adams, got all he could from him and carried it to De Laine [Delane] of the *Times*. He was particular to report Mr. Adams' gloomy views during the *Trent* affair, and on our getting the news of Pope's and Hooker's respective failures. I always regarded him as a snake in the grass. Mr. Cobden thought him doubtful in our cause; but spoke very warmly of his great services to the liberal party in England. His wife was born at Northumberland, Pa., and is a daughter of the celebrated philosopher, Dr. Priestley.<sup>2</sup>

*Saturday, October 21.* Some days ago when little Hudson was here I asked him to find out for me the name of the person who furnished the rebels with information of the intention of the British Government to stop the "No. 290," and thus enabled them to get that ship away from Liverpool and avoid her seizure. He came this morning and gave me a curious narrative. He says one James Buckley was engaged with one Davison, at that time at 57 Cannon St., City, in some business and recruited for both the *Oreto* and *Rappahannock*. This firm shipped supplies to both of these vessels, and was very active in the rebel cause. Joseph Buckley has a relative, one Victor Buckley, who is a clerk in the Foreign Office, and that Mr. Victor Buckley furnished the information of the intended arrest of the ship, to him. He at once communicated it to Fraser, Trenholm, Bulloch, and others, and the ship escaped.

Now, on referring to the Foreign Office List, I find Victor Buckley is a clerk in the department of the Foreign Office which has charge of the correspondence with the U. S., so that much color is given to Hudson's statement. This is worth following up. There is a Rev. Dr. Buckley also implicated. And the firm of Beech, Root

<sup>1</sup> (1796-1865.) See *Dictionary of National Biography*, XLIII. 304.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Dr. Joseph Priestley. A daughter of Parkes — Bessie Raynor Parkes — married Louis Swanton Belloc.

and Co., of Liverpool, are supposed to know something of the matter. If I can prove this charge, Great Britain will be obliged to yield at once these *Alabama* claims.

*Thursday*, October 26. Little Hudson came to see me at my house last evening. He insists upon it that the rebels got two millions of bales of cotton out through the blockade during the war, and that there is a large amount of the proceeds now on deposit at Gilliats<sup>1</sup> in London. This is most likely true. He also says that Spottiswoode and Co., the Queen's printers, Little New St., New Square, printed the greater part of *The Index*, and all the handbills posted about London and issued at Exeter Hall to cry down Rev. Ward Beecher. And that these were prepared by Hiram Fuller. The staff of the paper were:

Henry Hotze, Principal,<sup>2</sup>  
 Capt. Hamber,  
 W. Willis, of the Temple,  
 Gov. Morehead of Ky.,<sup>3</sup>  
 Jno. Geo. Witt, 3 King's Bench Walk, Temple,  
 J. B. Hopkins,  
 Geo. McHenry,  
 Hiram Fuller; and  
 J. R. Thompson, of Richmond, Va.<sup>4</sup>

This gentleman was sent out by the rebel Government at a salary of £2400 per annum. He has just gone home. The paper never paid, and often cost £40 a week to print it.

Its correspondents were:

G. Hudson, Vienna,  
 C. Adderley, Nassau,<sup>5</sup>  
 — Wilson, 135 Broadway, N. Y.,  
 Carl Zeitz, Bremen,  
 Gaetano Catullo, Milan.

<sup>1</sup> J. K. Gilliat and Company, a "highly respectable firm," which advanced to McRea £150,000 for the purchase of a steamer, in return for \$3,000,000 cotton loan bonds, at five per cent commission, seven per cent interest, and two and one half per cent commission for selling produce. See *War Records*, 4th Series, III. 525.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Hotze, whose "untiring industry and energy" found occupation in the Confederate newspaper — *The Index* — which he established in London. This journal began May 1, 1862, and ran to August 12, 1865.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Slaughter Morehead (1802-1868).

<sup>4</sup> John Reuben Thompson (1823-1873), at one time editor of the *Southern Library Messenger*. In 1863 he was in London, but after the war returned to the United States and for several years was literary editor of the *New York Evening Post*.

<sup>5</sup> Probably of the firm of Henry Adderly and Company at Nassau, who managed the cargo of the *Gladiator* in 1861.

And he further states that the letters from the South to *The Times* and *The Telegraph* came to the *Index* almost all through the war. . . .

Hudson has been here and I have given him £10 to go to Paris. He is, if possible, to get a list of the persons to whom the last interest was paid on rebel bonds; and also to trace Victor Buckley's connection with Hotze and the sailing of the "No. 290." The telegram was sent to Beech, Root and Co., that led to her going out. If I can get the proof, I am made at once.

Hudson says Mason was regarded by all as an old Granny, and that Slidell was the head man. This I can believe. Mason is now living off the money in Gilliat's bank, placed there by Hotze.

*Saturday*, November 18. Last evening little Hudson came to see me on his return from Liverpool. He got but little information about Buckley, but what he did get was good. It appears that Capt. Butcher brought the notice down that the No. 290, was to be stopped. He left London on the 26th and arrived at the Angel Hotel, Dale St., L'pool, at about three on Sunday morning, the 27th July, 1862. Now, the next thing is to connect Victor Buckley with Butcher in this matter. It turns out he was a subscriber to *The Index*, and that his name as such is still on the books. Hudson called here to see me this morning on the subject, and gave me a narrative of all he could learn on the matter.

1866

*Thursday*, March 1. Mr. Geo. Bancroft's oration on Mr. Lincoln on the 12th ult. in the House of Representatives at Washington has given great offence.<sup>1</sup> It was as bad to Sir F. Bruce<sup>2</sup> as Lord Brougham's insult to Mr. Dallas at the Social Science Congress of 1860.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bancroft wrote to Charles Francis Adams, March 23, 1866: "When I learned that the British Minister at Washington was likely to be one of my hearers, I requested Mr. Seward to advise him not to be present; and through another friend, I sent him a similar message, which he received and perfectly understood." Howe, *Life and Letters of George Bancroft*, II. 162.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Frederick William Bruce (1814-1867), the successor of Lord Lyons at Washington.

<sup>3</sup> On July 16, 1860, a statistical congress opened at Somerset House, Prince Albert presiding. The American minister attended by invitation, and in the sessions "Lord Brougham arose and insulted Mr. Dallas most grossly by saying to him in a tone of irony and insolence that he was probably not aware that there was a negro present, at which the polite and well-bred people there laughed and cheered most loudly. Mr. Dallas, of course, said nothing, but the darkie thought fit to make a speech." Two days after, Dr. Jarvis of Boston, an American delegate, brought to the Legation an apology from Lord Brougham, which Mr. Dallas

And Lord Russell himself has written privately to Mr. Adams about it.

*Friday, March 2.* Mr. Bancroft's oration has stirred these people wonderfully. They writhe under his lash. In fact they are the most thinskin people in the world when their national pride is involved, and fire up at trifles.

*Saturday, April 21.* I dined at the Queen's Hotel, Cork St., at five yesterday with Green Clay<sup>1</sup> and then took him to the House of Commons. The reform debate was on, the Sergeant at Arms was surly, and I was not admitted. Mr. Stansfeld however got admission for Mr. Clay, and I went down into the smoking room and talked with Mr. Bright. He introduced me to Henry Labouchere<sup>2</sup> the Member for Windsor, a young man who was in the British Legation once at Washington, and from him I learned that Judah P. Benjamin had been accepted as a British subject at the Temple on the ground of having been born abroad of British parents.<sup>3</sup> I pointed out that he

refused to accept, saying that the apology must be as open as the insult, and that it must be made in the same place. The next day the apology, such as it was, was made, Brougham saying he meant no wrong, and would have said the same thing to the Spanish or Brazilian minister. And on the day following, Lord Brougham came in the morning to the Legation in person, but Dallas refused to see him; he returned in the afternoon, and saw the son, but the explanation of his remark was regarded as unsatisfactory. The incident attracted some public attention, and Lord Lansdown, then very feeble, called to explain; but the more rational laughed at the sensitiveness of Americans on what was said in England on slavery. Buchanan, it was reported, approved Dallas's conduct, but in October (1861) came a dispatch from Cass, No. 278, September 11, censuring Dallas for not having replied to Lord Brougham at the Congress, or at least for not appealing to the Prince Consort for protection from insult, and November 20, just after the return of the Prince of Wales from the United States, Cass wrote (No. 285) on the slave trade, saying to the English Government that those repeated reminders to the United States of their alleged duty are not respectful and must be discontinued. Lord Russell replied that in his opinion the cause of humanity justified his repeated letters on the slave trade. The statistical congress incident determined Dallas to attend no more public meetings in London, and he declined to accept for a proposed Union conference after the British Government had recognized the Southern Confederacy as a belligerent. (7 May, 1861.)

A few months before this incident, Moran heard a debate in the House of Lords on the French annexation of Savoy. Lord Derby did not impress him, for though fluent, he had awkward gestures and repeated his words. Brougham was the best speaker, and Stratford de Redcliffe "the very worst. Brougham looked well and banged the desk with the vigor of a boy of twenty, instead of a man of eighty-four." (February 8, 1860.)

<sup>1</sup> Son of Cassius Marcellus Clay.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Du Pré Labouchere (1832-1912).

<sup>3</sup> Judah Philip Benjamin (1811-1884). His parents were English Jews who sailed for New Orleans in 1811, but learning that the river was blocked by the British fleet, they landed on the island of St. Croix, then a British island, where Judah was born.

was an American by birth, had exercised citizenship, and held high offices under our Government. Mr. Labouchere said he saw the absurdity of the law, and condemned it; but so it was and Benjamin had been accepted here as a subject of the Queen under it, and would be admitted to practice law here as such.

There was a pleasant company present. Sir George Bowyer<sup>1</sup> was holding forth on primogeniture. The six or seven persons in the room smoked, took tea, and made running comments on his remarks. Mr. Bright was told that Gregory was speaking, and "pitching into" him. "Why did n't he tell me what he would do?" said Mr. Bright. "I saw him a few minutes since, and he was all friendship." I found this spirit general and that a general kindly feeling prevails personally among these gentlemen.

Mr. Bright told me that Lord Russell was in favor of household suffrage, but was overborne by his class. And he further said that altho' abused for advising Lord Russell to bring in this bill, he never had more than one interview with that person on the subject of reform and that was not in relation to this measure. I confess this surprised me.

Seeing that Mr. Bright was about to engage in a political discussion, I came away and got home by nine o'clock.

*Wednesday, June 20.* Capt. Fox<sup>2</sup> and John Van Buren<sup>3</sup> were here together, and met Mr. Adams. Mr. Van Buren was full of fun as usual. He said he was at the House of Commons the other day and there met a member who took him and his daughter in, the House not being in session. He also conducted them to the library and terrace. At parting Mr. Van Buren gave him his card, whereupon the Member remarked that he himself was not very popular in America, and gave Van Buren his name. It was Mr. Gregory the Member for Galway. He said his advocacy of the South was on the principle that Englishmen always took the side of the weak. Then, rejoined Mr. Van Buren, you ought to be on the side of the Fenians, for God knows they are weak enough, and want aid. The hit was good and Gregory laughed heartily at it.

*Wednesday, June 27.* Yesterday afternoon I went down to the House of Commons with the Rev. W. W. Atterbury to meet Messrs. Cox, and Keener of Maryland, and Judge Maynard of Pa., for the purpose [of] trying to get them in to hear Mr. Gladstone announce the decision of the Queen on the resignation of Earl Russell's Ministry. I never saw a greater crowd. By management I got Mr. Bige-

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Boyer (1811-1883), member for Dundalk.

<sup>2</sup> Gustavus Vasa Fox (1821-1883).

<sup>3</sup> (1810-1866), son of Martin Van Buren. He died at sea in October of this year.

low, the U. S. Minister at Paris, and Messrs. Cox, Keener and Maynard in; but failed in the case of Mr. Atterbury. This gave him mortal offence and he will I am sure remember me adversely in his prayers to the day of his death. He is a peppery man and very fault-finding.

Mr. White, the chief doorkeeper, admitted Mr. Bigelow, Judge Maynard and myself to the Diplomatic Gallery. On the occasions of the announcement of the death of Mr. Cobden and of Mr. Lincoln the house was densely crowded; but not so much as last evening. The floor was black with Members and so were the side galleries. Whig and Tory, Adullamite and radical was alike in his place. After some formal proceedings, in the course of which there was some awkward blundering by a gentleman who had been summoned on some business to the bar, where he produced great merriment, Mr. Gladstone arose. He was received with long continued and hearty cheers by his side of the house to which he bowed with civility. Silence having been obtained he stated that the Queen had accepted the resignation of the Ministry. This announcement was received with stillness of a most profound character, indicative of regret on the part of the Tories for their act and apprehension of evil on the part of the friends of the Government. The feeling was one of discomfort. Mr. Gladstone then made a statement of the facts connected with the Reform Bill, and said the Ministry were bound in honor to go out. His speech was an adroit history of the bill and will be very useful in future. It was warmly received by his friends, and when he moved an adjournment until Thursday, the members left in a crowd. I introduced Messrs. Cox, Keener and Maynard to T. B. Potter, and then came away.

*Tuesday, July 24.* Yesterday evening about half past seven, I drove down the Bayswater Road in a hansom cab from the foot of Westbourne Terrace towards the Marble Arch, on my way to meet Clarence A. Seward and Mr. McDonough to take them to the House of Commons. When near Albion St. I found a considerable crowd in the Bayswater Road, all the park gates shut, and numbers of policemen inside the railing to prevent access. Crowds gathered and men got on to the coping stones, took hold of the iron rails, and swagging them to and from by main force brought them to the ground. Then hundreds rushed into the park and I saw the policemen beating people with their truncheons. By the time I got to Edgeware Road the crowd of men, women and children was so dense that my cabman had to take me up that street and go down George St. to Orchard in order to get into Oxford St. But here the crowd was equally dense, and a long procession was going up to the Park with banners flying and bands playing. These persons were some of the



Reformers whose meeting the Government had determined should not take place in Hyde Park. But they had not arrived and the destruction of the railing was the work of the populace who had been excluded from the park and who were not reformers. Indeed the work of tearing down had been begun long before the procession reached the park. They were a respectable class of people, well dressed, and well behaved, and carried banners on which were inscribed, "Manhood Suffrage" and other similar mottoes.

Mr. Seward was out and I went to the Club. Some of the people passed there, and hissed, as I supposed, at some fopling lords who were insulting them from the windows above. But no harm was done. I met Lieut. Lamson there of our Navy, who told me he had resigned, and also de Castro of the Belgian Legation. No one seemed to know of the rioting.

After calling to see Edward S. Sanford at Fenton's, and Mr. Boomer at the Palace Hotel, I drove home about half past nine in a hansom up Park Lane. In my absence the British Lion had done his work, and the iron railings of the park were down from near Stanhope Gate all the way to the Marble Arch with little exception. They were twisted, or warped or lying inside or outside the Park. The grounds were full of people, but all seemed well-behaved, altho' deep censure was poured on the Government. It was a London sight rare to see. And the Government had clearly failed of its object, after having raised a useless riot. The people said they would stand such things from Mr. Gladstone, but not from the Tories. The soldiers were out, but did not act. To-day's papers are full of this affair; but as might be expected take different views. My idea is that it is damaging to the Tory cause.

*Saturday*, September 29. Last evening I dined with Col. Blanton Duncan at No. 5 Orchard St., Portman Square. His wife could not join us, and his little daughter Mary was our only companion.

As a matter of course we talked mainly on the war. He was here as a rebel during much of it, and had an extensive acquaintance with the movements in its favor in Europe. He says Louis Napoleon invited Lindsay and Roebuck to come to him in Paris about recognition, and that they never would have gone there if it had not been for that invitation. He also states that he knows that Louis Napoleon about the same time invited this Government to coöperation and recognise the South as an independent nation; but Lord Russell refused. If this be true, it shows that Napoleon and his tools lied about this business, for they assert that he did not make the offer, but it came from the British Government to him. But I am inclined to confide in Col. Duncan's statement.

Among other things he says that Prioleau<sup>1</sup> (of Fraser, Trenholm and Co.,) has made a large fortune out of the rebels, as has also McRae,<sup>2</sup> and that the blockade runners lately seized now belong to the rebels, and that they should again be attached. At the end of the rebellion there were hundreds of thousands of pounds here in the hands of agents, and that this has been kept by Prioleau, McRae, Hotze<sup>3</sup> and others.

I found him very bitter. And he believes the South will still rule the United States.

*Friday, October 26.* Yesterday afternoon I drove up to a place at Hammersmith, I never was at before, called Ravenscourt Park, to visit Miss Louise de la Ramée,<sup>4</sup> the authoress of *Strathmore* and other novels, at her residence called Bessborough House. It is a quiet nook, in an eddy of the great river of London, and a retreat I would like to own. The lady is chatty, clever, and refined. She was with her mother; and received me in an airy drawing room where we talked for two hours. The interview was very satisfactory and her remarks on men, women and literature were instructive, forcible and original. Lord Bulwer-Lytton is her admiration as a novelist; and she admires Longfellow as a poet, but condemns his sentiment. Dickens, she said, is neither a gentleman, nor can he describe one. He seems to live in a realm of vulgarity. Hawthorne is her admiration, and also Prescott.

My visit was to hand her a bond of the Five-Twenty issue for \$500. from Mr. Lippincott. She took it with delight, and thought the fact of receiving so great a sum from the sale of her books in America, where she owns no copyright, an event in her history. She praised Mr. Lippincott, and deservedly, for his generosity.

Miss de la Ramée is small, slender, and of dark complexion. She has a pleasing face, a good forehead, delicate chin, and large lustrous black eyes full of intelligence and fire. I was agreeably disappointed in her appearance and glad to have made her acquaintance. Darkness had gathered in before I left; and she looked almost like a goddess, with her great black Newfoundland dog at her side by the fire, as I took my last look at her and bowed myself out.

1867

*Friday, January 4.* Mr. Edward F. De Lancey<sup>5</sup> brought me a letter from Clarence A. Seward. This gentleman is the son of the

<sup>1</sup> Charles K. Prioleau.

<sup>2</sup> Colin J. McRea, agent for the Confederate loan in England.

<sup>3</sup> Henry Hotze.

<sup>4</sup> Better known as "Ouida" (1839-1908).

<sup>5</sup> Edward Floyd De Lancey (1821-1905).

late Bishop De Lancey,<sup>1</sup> and a very nice person. He is over to settle an estate of old Chief Justice Allen of Pa., one of whose daughters was the mother of The Right Hon: Edmund Hammond<sup>2</sup> of the Foreign Office. This is news, and may account for Hammond's hatred to Americans, particularly as there is a family quarrel about money.

*Saturday*, March 9. To-day at half past twelve, I went in Mr. Adams' carriage to No. 9 Malden Crescent, Prince of Wales Road, Haverstock hill, to attend the funeral of Charles F. Browne,<sup>3</sup> otherwise known as "Artemas Ward." There were a great many of a certain class of literary men present, among whom were young Tom Hood,<sup>4</sup> Alexander Halliday, and Charles Millward, and also Toole the actor,<sup>5</sup> and several other members of the dramatic profession in London. Much curiosity was shown by the crowd in the street. The coffin bore a plain inscription to the effect that Charles F. Browne, was thirty-three years of age, and world renowned as Artemas Ward. The cortège left at half past one and proceeded to Kensall Green Cemetery, where there was a large gathering of people English and American. The funeral service was solemnly read in the Chapel, and the body lowered into a vault. This was very impressive. Afterwards there was service in the Protestant Chapel by the Rev. Mr. Conway,<sup>6</sup> but I did not go.

*Wednesday*, May 22. Mr. Seward's No. 1971 is very ugly and shows an evident disposition to quarrel with England. In talking of it, Mr. Adams condemned the policy and said he would not be a party to it. His mission was peace, and if Congress showed war on the Alabama claims, as Mr. Seward seemed to think, he would resign and go home. Not because he felt for England, for he thought she had acted very badly; but because there is no wise ground for a quarrel.

<sup>1</sup> William Heathcote De Lancey (1797-1865).

<sup>2</sup> He was son of George Hammond (1763-1853), first British minister accredited to the United States, who while minister married, in 1793, at Philadelphia, Margaret, daughter of Andrew Allen.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Farrar Browne (c. 1834-1867).

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Hood, the younger (1835-1874), at this time editor of *Fun*.

<sup>5</sup> John Laurence Toole (1830-1906). Moran associated with many actors and singers, such as Dion Boucicault and his wife, Agnes Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Florence, John Brougham, and Fechter, whom he described as a "splendid fellow." He was present at the first appearance of Clara Louise Kellogg. He more than once speaks of the prejudice shown by the English against American actors. On Washington's birthday, 1862, he sat next to Edwin Booth at a "breakfast" which lasted from two to seven P. M. Booth he described as "a pale young man having a wonderfully intellectual face, a fine marble forehead, long raven hair, and an expression of great beauty. He complained, as all American actors do, of unfair treatment at the hands of the profession in England."

<sup>6</sup> Moncure Daniel Conway (1832-1907).

*Thursday*, June 20. Last evening I dined at Mr. Stansfeld's<sup>1</sup> in company with Mazzini,<sup>2</sup> Safi,<sup>3</sup> Lord and Lady Amberley and Mr. Trevelyan, M.P. It was the first time I ever met the two distinguished Italian patriots and I was more than pleased to make their acquaintance. Mazzini is about five feet eight inches high, has a slender figure, a fine intellectual head and a face expressive of benevolence, and mind. His eyes are dark, his hair grey, his complexion rather sallow. But benevolence glows in his countenance, particularly when lit up by conversation, and the listener is struck with his integrity, honesty and frankness. He is no theorist, but a practical statesman and lover of his kind. He wears a grey beard which hides the mouth; but notwithstanding there is force about his thin lips.

He talks English well. We touched upon many things, and among others the celebrated Sanders dinner in 1853.<sup>4</sup> He was not struck with Buchanan, but thought him cold. Sanders had been to see him during the war, to induce him to give his moral support to the rebels, but he refused. How such loud-mouthed advocates of the rights of man could support a rebellion to sustain slavery he could not comprehend, and so told them.

M. Safi is a younger man. But he is one a person would remember. His face has a very kindly expression and wins on one at once. He speaks English well in a soft liquid tone, and seems a very sensible person.

The conversation turned on the untruthfulness of history. Mazzini told us that Mignet made out that he had fought the French on a certain occasion at Rome in 1849, when the fact was the French were seventy miles away. The truth was, the invaders were expected and he was walking gloomily up and down a long corridor in the palace where he was, singing to relieve his anxiety from the oppression of the night, when a shot was fired on the walls and then whole volleys! He went forth to the scene and found it a false alarm. A young soldier had mistaken one man for an army, and hence the firing. And out of this Mignet made a battle between the Italians and French, when there was not a French soldier in Rome. M. Safi laughed at the blunder, and hinted that it was about as true as that Mazzini is an assassin.

They told me that the Americans behaved well in Rome, but

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Stansfeld (1820-1898). His wife was Caroline, daughter of William Henry Ashurst, the well-known radical and friend of Mazzini. She died in 1885.

<sup>2</sup> Giuseppe Mazzini.

<sup>3</sup> Aurelio Saffi.

<sup>4</sup> He gave 1854 as the date on page 467, *supra*.

that all the English but three — two young girls and a gentleman — fled in 1849. They like to take care of themselves.

I was much pleased with Lady Amberley, a sharp blond young lady of twenty-five, who is much of a politician. He<sup>1</sup> is about the same age, small and quiet; but not otherwise remarkable. No one would suspect him of the ability he has so far displayed as a Member of the Commons. I was surprised to learn from her that the Prince of Wales lost £10,000 on the Derby. She says the English people don't vote him money to gamble away. And I found all the company agreed with her. Indeed the notion that England is tired of monarchy was entertained by all. To my surprise I found a son and daughter of Earl Russell professing republicanism. All knew MM. Mazzini and Safi and were on the best of terms with them. Grant Duff came in late.<sup>2</sup> He is a clever man and talks well, but is rather dogmatic. I was disappointed in finding him comparatively young, and red-haired.

Mrs. Stansfeld was out of humor with Carlyle for placing Ruskin in the wrong in saying he could not go out without being insulted by the boys of Chelsea. She says she went to see him some time ago, and he said he was insulted wherever he went all over London; and had even been pelted with snow. And yet when Ruskin said so in print he in print denied it! What can we think of his veracity now?

Mr. G. O. Trevelyan pleased me much.<sup>3</sup> He is a fine young fellow with a handsome face, any one would like. I came away about midnight.

*Wednesday*, September 25. Col. Hiram Fuller came to my house at eight o'clock last evening and remained until eleven, talking about the affairs of his paper, *The Cosmopolitan*. He is as snaky as ever. At first he apologised for his attacks upon me, said they were the work of George McHenry, that he did not endorse them, and regretted their publication. This is all very fine, but he published the slanders and is guilty of wrong in so doing. He wanted money, but I would neither give him any, or allow him to use my name to get it. His paper is evidently in a bad way, he is in debt, and his prospects are far from encouraging. He left at about ten o'clock.

<sup>1</sup> John, Viscount Amberley (1842-1876), son of Earl Russell. He married in 1864 Katharine Louisa, daughter of the second Lord Stanley of Alderley.

<sup>2</sup> Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant Duff (1829-1906), member for Elgin and Moray.

<sup>3</sup> Sir George Otto Trevelyan, then member for Tynemouth.

1868

*Saturday*, March 7. I then went over to the House of Commons and heard Mr. George Shaw Lefevre<sup>1</sup> introduce his motion on the "Alabama Claims." I was in the Diplomatic Gallery and saw all that passed. The temper of the House was very friendly — a marked change from the time when they cheered Laird for boasting that he was proud of having built the pirate.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Shaw Lefevre called him a malefactor and no one dissented. Lord Stanley made a good speech although it was disfigured with some inaccuracies about Dudley Mann's visit to Hungary. He mentioned Mr. Adams' name and the House cheered spontaneously in almost every quarter. I never heard so warm a burst in favor of a foreigner there before. During the debate I looked down on Laird,<sup>3</sup> who sat beneath me with his hat over his eyes, and I must say he looked like a guilty and condemned man. Take it all in all the debate did good, and will, or I much mistake the course of events, bring about a settlement of the affair or aid us to do so.

Remarks were made during the meeting by Mr. LONG.

### INDIAN DEED, 1651

The following paper is one of the very few known, signed by Ousamequin (Massasoit) and Wamsutta his son. The original is in the collections of the Society, and the signatures are reproduced in its edition of Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*, I. 200 n.

Be it knowen vnto all men by these Presents that we whous Names are here vnder writen beinge of the blood and kindred and Nabor Sachims or princis bordringe vpon the Confines and in heritance of our beloued cosin wequequinequa and Nummampaum sachim and Squa Sachim the treu heire aparent vnto a tract of land buttinge vpon the East side of the East harbor Cominge in to Rood Eyland and for as much as our Cozins haue sould vnto captin Richard morris his heires executors Adminestrators and assines for Euer a Neck of land cauled Nunequoquit or Pogasek Neck with som othar parcilles Nere there vnto we do here by Renownce and disclaime for our selues our heires Executors Adminestrators and assines for euer all claime of Right title or Intrest in any kind

<sup>1</sup> George John Shaw-Lefevre baron Eversley (1832—).

<sup>2</sup> See Brooks Adams in *Proceedings*, XLV. 248.

<sup>3</sup> John Laird (1805-1874), the member for Birkenhead.

what so euer in or to the afore said land or any part or parcill there of with all the profits there vnto appurtaining or any waies belonginge and do by these presents give vnto captin Richard morris our free approbation and full consent vnto the purches of the afore said land and do further here by testifie that this act and ded of saile from our cozins vnto captin Richard morris is Just and with out all contro-uarcie sould out of there own propar Inheritanc no waies dependinge vpon vs or any othar Sachim confininge Ner these Inheritanc And for as much as I Osamekin chefe Sachim of a great tract of land confining vpon the Inheritanc of this my brothars dafter haue put my land vnder plimoth gourment these are to testifie that I Neuar did nor intendid to put vndar plimoth any of my kinswomans land but my owne inheritanc and there fore I do disalow of any pretended claime to this land sould by my Cosin wequequinequa and Nummampaum to captin Richard morris Eathar by plimoth or the inhabitants of porchmoth one Rood Eyland by vartew of any grant from me or any through my mens in testimony here of we do set to our markes and seales this twentie sixt day of July one thousand six hundred fiftie and one 1651

X The marke of OSAMEKINS  
chefe Sachim

X The marke of WAMSUTTA

X The marke of TASOMOCKON

Witnis here vnto

JAMES J. S. SANDS

his marke

RICHARD BULLGAR

JAMES FORBES was born in Edinburgh, July 10, 1857. His father, serving in the British army in India during the mutiny, died shortly before this event, and the son was early apprenticed in his native city to a trade. An opportunity offering, he went to London and there served the usual long apprenticeship in a book bindery, where his natural aptitude rapidly developed by experience. He came to the United States in September, 1883, and entered the employ of Francis P. Hathaway, then on Washington Street, but later in the building of the Boston Athenæum. For thirteen years Mr. Forbes remained with Mr. Hathaway, proving his growing skill in all branches of bookbinding. He soon became recognized as a master workman on the finer work, notably in treating old manuscripts and inlaying portraits and letters, and few collections of importance in the city are without examples of his binding. In 1896 he set out independently, but after five years he entered the establishment of Dudley and Hodge. In August, 1910, he came to the Society, to repair, mount and bind its manuscript collections. Much as he had accomplished in these last years toward putting the manuscripts in a permanent shape, only a beginning had been made on its wealth of material; but every volume he completed was final as to its needs for preservation. He died, after a short illness, May 6, 1915. He stood among the best in this special occupation: his thorough training, his painstaking and conscientious study of methods, and the touch and practised ability which come only to the few, gave to his work a certainty of treatment and permanent finish. He married in December, 1885, Sarah J. L. Roberts, who survives him.